

digital flicks  
Guardian

Notabook  
Brown peps up  
the stock market

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No weather

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Saturday March 21 1998

Albania D 0.50  
Algeria US\$ 2.00  
Australia A\$ 1.50  
Austria S 1.35  
Belgium B 0.85  
Brazil R 1.50  
Canada C\$ 0.55  
Croatia K 12.50  
Cyprus C\$ 1.00  
Czech Republic KC 56  
Denmark D 1.10  
Ecuador E 0.50  
Egypt E£ 0.50  
Finland F 1.10  
France FF 12  
Germany DM 1.80

Greece D 1.00  
Hong Kong HK\$ 25  
Ireland I 1.25  
Italy L 1.35  
Japan Y 1.50  
Korea S 1.50  
Kuwait K 0.50  
Latvia L 1.50  
Lithuania L 1.50  
Luxembourg LF 65  
Malta M 0.50  
Malta M 0.50  
Netherlands G 4.25  
Norway NK 16

Oman O 1.00  
Pakistan P 0.50  
Poland Z 0.50  
Portugal P 0.50  
Qatar Q 0.50  
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Spain P 2.50  
Sweden SK 1.50  
Switzerland SF 3.50  
Thailand B 0.50  
Turkey T 1.00  
Ukraine U 0.50  
USA US\$ 3.00

# The Guardian

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NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

In The Week

## Marriage: why we still do it

With European weather



Simon Hattenstone

## DiCaprio fever

The Week, page 17



Mark Lawson

## TV is the perp

Saturday opinion, page 9

# GEC severs Aitken link

David Gow  
Industrial Editor

**G**EC, Britain's largest defence contractor, is to sever its links with Jonathan Aitken, the disgraced former cabinet minister, weeks after giving him a lucrative consultancy on prospective arms sales to the Middle East, it emerged yesterday.

The loss of his first confirmed income since the collapse of his libel trial against the Guardian and World in Action last June is the second blow this week to Mr Aitken, who is already faced with an unpaid £2 million legal bill.

On Tuesday he was arrested and questioned for four hours at a central London police station in connection with allegations of conspiracy to pervert the course of justice the day after his daughter, Victoria, and close friend and business associate, Said Ayas, a Saudi Arabian, were arrested and questioned in connection with the same allegations.

GEC said yesterday: "Jonathan Aitken is not a GEC employee. He is working with us on a short-term project which is almost complete." People familiar with the company said the former Tory MP would not be rehired.

The company refused to comment on the nature of the project but analysts said it was almost certainly to report on arms sales prospects in Saudi Arabia, where GEC's presence is weak.

Mr Aitken's arrest proved deeply embarrassing to GEC, whose Marconi defence equipment and electronics unit had hired him because of his close contacts with the Saudi royal family and extensive knowledge of Middle East arms markets. GEC's managing director, intervened to sever the links with Mr Aitken, aged 55, after being advised that Marconi's initial response - that it was preparing to comment on Mr Aitken's position - was damaging the company's reputation.

Mr Aitken was offered a

short-term consultancy at the start of this month. A GEC spokesman said: "We were aware then of Mr Aitken's recent problems. However, we were not aware that an arrest was imminent."

One City analyst said: "Anybody is expendable in this business. If GEC-Marconi feel he can't be part of their company, that won't affect their prospects for business in Saudi Arabia. They wouldn't have been foolish enough to put all their eggs in his basket."

GEC-Marconi, the second largest defence electronics company in Europe, is set to expand rapidly on the back of a £1.2 billion war-chest built up by the parent group that the City believes will reach £4 billion later this year after a series of disposals.

Analysts expect it to make several acquisitions in the US where it is one of a few non-American suppliers cleared to work on sensitive defence programmes. But the US, an arch-rival to Britain in Saudi and Gulf arms markets, is critical of Britain's alleged payments of commission to secure such deals and would frown on any GEC links with Mr Aitken.

As the then defence procurement minister, he is credited with securing in 1993 a £5 billion tranche of the rolling £20 billion Al Yamamah programme to supply the Saudis with military aircraft, ships and training. The bulk of that deal, won by Baroness Thatcher in 1985, goes to British Aerospace.

GEC, often linked with its British competitor as a potential merger partner, does supply components for BAe's Tornado fighter-bombers but analysts say it is keen to secure a bigger part of the Al Yamamah programme.

Mr Aitken is known to have had a long-standing relationship with GEC and its former managing director, Lord Weinstock, and helped to secure civil engineering contracts.

Defence experts say that one sale he might have investigated was for the Al Hakeem air-launched anti-armour missile, developed by the failed defence contractor Ferranti, parts of which GEC bought for £310 million in 1990.

# 'The flames are huge like sails — an ecosystem is being destroyed'

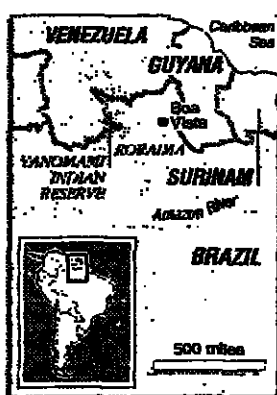


Fires advance in the Aiplan region of Roraima state, Brazil, where 20,000 square miles have been affected and the Yanomami reservation is under threat. PHOTOGRAPH: DARIO LOPEZ-MILLS

## As Brazil's fires threaten the world's largest Stone Age tribe Alex Bellos reports from Roraima Yanomami reservation

**T**HE smell of burning fills the air. The sky is a white haze of smoke. "Fire is coming," says the Yanomami Indian, pointing into the distance. "and we are afraid."

Less than five miles away the jungle is ablaze. Flames of smoke rise from the jungle canopy, making the normally lush horizon look like a line of factory chimneys. An entire ecosystem



is being destroyed, and as the inferno gradually encroaches on the Yanomami reservation it is threatened the world's largest Stone Age tribe.

"We are afraid the animals will leave — the monkeys and deer," says the Yanomami man, whose name in his native language Nihah, is never revealed outside his tribe. Surrounded by members of his tribe at the Mucajai

river, he adds: "If they go we will have nothing to eat. We will die."

Elders in neighbouring settlements had already started a sacred ceremony, he said, only performed in the face of environmental catastrophe: snorting the hallucinogenic bark of the viola tree and entering a trance.

"We would do it here," he said. "But the man who knew the ritual died two years ago. All we can do now is hope for rain."

The primary rainforest has never caught fire before because it is normally too wet, according to environmental experts. But it has not rained for three months, and the forest's edges are catching alight from one of the region's largest ever savannah fires, which is affecting up to 20,000 square miles.

Although specialised firefighters have arrived from Argentina, and the Brazilian army has sent reinforcements, the fires are not expected to be extinguished until the arrival of

the rains, forecast for mid-April. Much of the blaze is in inaccessible areas and, surprisingly, Brazil lacks an airborne fire service.

"We lost control of this thing a long time ago," the fire brigade captain Kleber Gomes Cerquino said.

There are as yet no accurate figures of how much rainforest has been destroyed. Flying over the area, a front of smouldering forest can be seen at least 10 miles into the Yanomami reservation — only a few miles from the settlement on the other side of the Mucajai river. The wind appears to be moving the front deeper into the forest. As far as the eye can see, smoke billows out from under the canopy.

The flames have turned tree leaves and branches an autumnal orange brown. Through the branches one can see that all the vegetation on the ground has been destroyed, leaving a mat of black ash. Occasionally there were glimpses of small flames.

"This is very bad. The

fire is burning the base of the trees. A lot are dying, so next year there will be more burning, and it will be worse. You have started a process in motion which will destroy the whole forest," said Professor Philip Fearnside of the independent Institute for Amazonian Research (INPA).

Only the outermost Yanomami villages are threatened.

turn to page 3, col 1

# BBC set to lose live World Cup and Test matches

Kamal Ahmed  
Media Correspondent

**T**HE BBC faces the prospect of losing live coverage of English Test match cricket and large parts of the World Cup finals after a committee of sports experts recommended a fundamental overhaul of the list of protected sporting events, it emerged yesterday.

The committee, including the sporting heroes Jack Charlton and Steve Cram, said that England's home Test matches should be re-

gated to a "B list" of second-tier events. Being on the B list would only ensure edited highlights were shown on the main terrestrial channels such as BBC1 and ITV.

The committee, set up by the Government last year, also recommended that protection of the World Cup finals should be diluted. Instead of all the matches during the six-week tournament being shown live on terrestrial television, only the final and semi-finals would be protected, along with games involving the home nations.

BBC executives reacted

strongly against the proposals, which also recommend adding part of the football European Championships to the A list of fully protected events. Again, guaranteed live coverage on terrestrial channels would only be given to the final and semi-finals as well as any games involving home nations. The rest of the A list remains largely unchanged.

The B list would also include the Ryder Cup, the World Athletic Championships and the Open which at present have no protection.

"There is no doubt that

viewers will be concerned that the advisory group recommendations do not give any guarantees that live coverage of Test matches will be seen from the end of this season," said Will Wyatt, chief executive of BBC Broadcast.

The committee, chaired by Lord Gordon of Strathblane and including the broadcaster Michael Parkinson and the Labour MP Kate Hoey as well as Cram and Charlton, was set up by the Government after a row over the television rights to the crucial Italy versus England match last October.

Chris Smith, Secretary of State for Culture, Media and Sport, will decide on a final list in the next few weeks.

The committee said the A list should be: Olympic Games; World Cup Finals (final, semi-finals and matches involving home nations); European Football Championships (ditto); FA Cup final; Scottish FA Cup final; Wimbledon (finals weekend); Grand National; Derby.

The B list should be: World Cup Finals (all matches not included above); European Football Championships

(ditto); World Cup qualifying matches and European Football Championships qualifying matches involving the home nations; Five Nations rugby tournament; Rugby World Cup (final, semi-finals and matches involving the home nations); Test matches involving England; Cricket World Cup (final, semi-finals and matches involving home nations); Wimbledon (all play other than final weekend); Commonwealth Games; World Athletics Championships; The Open; Ryder Cup.

City Notebook, page 11

## Inside

As the French...  
...and...  
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## Britain

As the French...  
...and...  
...and...  
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## World News

France's mainstream...  
...was in chaos after...  
...provincial leaders...  
...defied their parties...  
...and made deals with...  
...the National Front.

## Finance

Gordon Brown will...  
...step up government...  
...efforts to help...  
...bail out crisis-hit...  
...Asia as EU finance...  
...ministers meet in...  
...York this weekend.

## Sport

The sixth Test...  
...between West Indies...  
...and England began...  
...in Antigua, but...  
...plan was again badly...  
...disrupted by rain.

## Weather 2; Obituaries 7

Quick Crossword 12  
The Week  
Crossword 24  
Sport 19-24



QUALITY IS A RIGHT  
NOT A PRIVILEGE



# Crash robbed man of his aggression

Award doubled to £320,000 for brain-damaged former high flyer

Luke Harding

CHARLES Cornell was the perfect insurance salesman. He was charming, he was aggressive and — as perhaps befits an Old Harrovian with a fondness for three-piece suits — he was rather nasty.

All that changed when the car in which he was travelling, a Mercedes, rolled over an embankment and ended up in an Essex field. The accident seven years ago left Mr Cornell "a more pleasant personality", to the perplexed delight of his friends and family. But, in a strangely Biblical reversal of fortune, it also robbed him of the essentially cunning characteristics which made him so good at his job, the Court of Appeal heard yesterday.

Three senior judges yesterday decided to double the amount of damages awarded to him following the smash to £320,000. Lord Justice Stuart-Smith accepted that although the accident had left Mr Cornell a "better person", it had also made him "less aggressive". And as a result he was unemployable in a "reputable sales force", he said.

The 31-year-old from Penhurst, Kent, had been awarded £156,143 in damages by a High Court judge in January 1996. But his compensa-

tion had been effectively wiped out because the defendants had paid £175,000 into court to settle the case, which meant he was liable for both sides' legal bills. The judges yesterday ruled that he should have been given £220,000 to account for future loss of earnings and the problems he faced finding work.

A clinical psychologist, Graham Powell, told the court his employment prospects were "very uncertain indeed". His counsel, Hugh Carlisle QC, meanwhile, explained to Lord Justice Stuart-Smith, sitting with Lords Justice Morritt and Robert Walker, that Mr Cornell fell asleep most afternoons.

"He simply cannot stay awake all day. He has to have a nap," he said.

The judge sagely recognised that falling asleep robbed him of his "cutting edge".

Mr Cornell was a backseat passenger when his business partner, Robert Green, who was driving, fell asleep and ploughed off the motorway near Theydon Bois, Essex, in 1991. He suffered multiple injuries, including damage to the frontal lobes of his brain, which impaired his IQ and reduced his ability to concentrate.

Mr Green's insurers had never disputed liability. But when the case came before Judge Anthony Tibbert, the £70,000 he had taken him two years to build was

Prime Minister vows to play full part in preparations, but talks with Kohl fail to end central bank row

# Blair pledge on euro launch

Ian Traynor in Bonn

THE Prime Minister yesterday pledged to Chancellor Helmut Kohl that Britain would do its utmost to effect a successful launch of the single European currency, a Kohl ambition whose fate is to be decided under British chairmanship in six weeks' time.

But talks between the British and German leaders in Bonn yesterday failed to bring a breakthrough on the divisive issue of who is to head the European Central Bank, which will be responsible for the euro.

A Downing Street spokesman said there was no progress on the row, a dispute mainly between Germany and France, which is threatening to undermine the credibility of the euro at a crucial time.

Mr Kohl, apparently embarrassed, sought to quash debate over the bank post. "Too much has been spoken about this already," he complained. Germany wants the Dutch former central banker, Wim Duisenberg, to be the first head of the central bank, but France remains adamant that it should be the head of the Banque De France, Jean-Claude Trichet.

"I hope that it's under a British European Union presidency that the euro is launched and launched successfully," Mr Blair said, after three hours of talks with Mr Kohl. "We've made it absolutely clear that we'll play a full and constructive part in preparing the euro."

"We're absolutely ready to mediate on the ECB chief," said Mr Blair's spokesman, Alistair Campbell. "It's an important role, the credibility of that position is strong."

In the run-up to the high point of Britain's current EU presidency — the summit on May 23 which decides who is to take part in the euro — Mr Blair travels to Paris next Tuesday. There was speculation that Mr Blair is taking a message from the German leader aimed at bridging the gap between the two sides

over the central bank post. Both sides refused to be drawn on whether a seat would be kept warm for Britain on the six-strong central bank council until Britain joined monetary union. Mr Kohl has previously offered to keep a place free for Britain.

Mr Blair's forerunner, the European Monetary Institute in Frankfurt, the German Bundesbank, and the European Commission are all to issue reports on the euro next week that will form the basis for the May summit decision. Analysts, diplomats, and politicians had hoped the row would be defused before the reports.

Mr Blair also had talks in Bonn with Gerhard Schröder.

Schröder stressed that his election fight would be won in Germany and that his Social Democrats would unseat Mr Kohl without any outside help.

He was, however, accompanied at the talks by his campaign mastermind, Bodo Hombach, whose tactical expertise is partly responsible for the widening opinion poll gap Mr Schröder enjoys over the chancellor.

Mr Schröder recently flew to Britain to help Volkswagen in its attempt to buy Rolls Royce. He said he did not raise the matter with Mr Blair yesterday.

Asked whether Germany needed a Tony Blair, Mr Kohl looked rattled.

"I don't know. We don't have a Tony Blair, so it's not an issue," he said. Equally robustly, Mr Blair said that he would have returned to earth, bringing with them the results of computerised trajectory monitoring experiments designed by students on the Physics and Space Technology degree course at Salford University, where Mr Bennett is Director of the Space Technology Laboratory.

The launch was to have been the final test flight in the UK before the chosen team tried to put a small satellite into orbit in three years' time. Had the launch succeeded the rocket would have been modified to allow it to be launched to a height of 130,000ft over an ocean.

But as Mr Bennett crouched behind a sandbag bunker to turn the rocket's seven motors, it quickly became clear that all was not well. Amid a swirl of smoke, Star-chaser lifted agonisingly slowly before tipping sharply and thudding into the ground barely 300m away.

Mr Bennett said a problem with the ignition system appeared to have been behind the disaster.

Mr Bennett said a problem with the ignition system appeared to have been behind the disaster.

# Rocketman vows to pick up pieces after flight of a few seconds lands in heather

Geoffrey Gibbs

FOR the amateur rocket scientist Steve Bennett, it should have been a giant step in a personal space odyssey. It was, instead, another in that long tradition of heroic British failures — a fiery setback to his hopes of blasting a satellite into low earth orbit by 2001.

Before the eyes of stunned onlookers gathered on a hillside half a mile away, the £70,000 rocket it had taken him two years to build was

destroyed in seconds after lifting heavily 200ft from its launch pad on the Okehampton military training range on Dartmoor.

Patches of gorse and bracken burst into flame as the 22ft-tall black rocket plunged to earth and broke up, sparking a fire that set a 2½ square mile tract of moorland ablaze.

His face blackened by the heat of the flames, the 38-year-old rocketman insisted the spectacular crash of Star-chaser 3 did not mark the end of his dream. He vowed to "pick up the

pieces" and carry on. "I was taking a bit of gamble when I launched this, but having said that one always takes a gamble when launching a rocket — I mean look at Ariane 5 when that went off."

Star-chaser 3 was the sequel to the sugar-powered rocket Mr Bennett launched to 1,800 ft above the Otterburn military training range in Northumberland in February 1996.

The 200kg rocket, powered by the same sort of fuel used by Nasa, had been designed to soar three miles into the Dartmoor air in just

34 seconds.

If all had gone well, the three stages would have returned to earth, bringing with them the results of computerised trajectory monitoring experiments designed by students on the Physics and Space Technology degree course at Salford University, where Mr Bennett is Director of the Space Technology Laboratory.

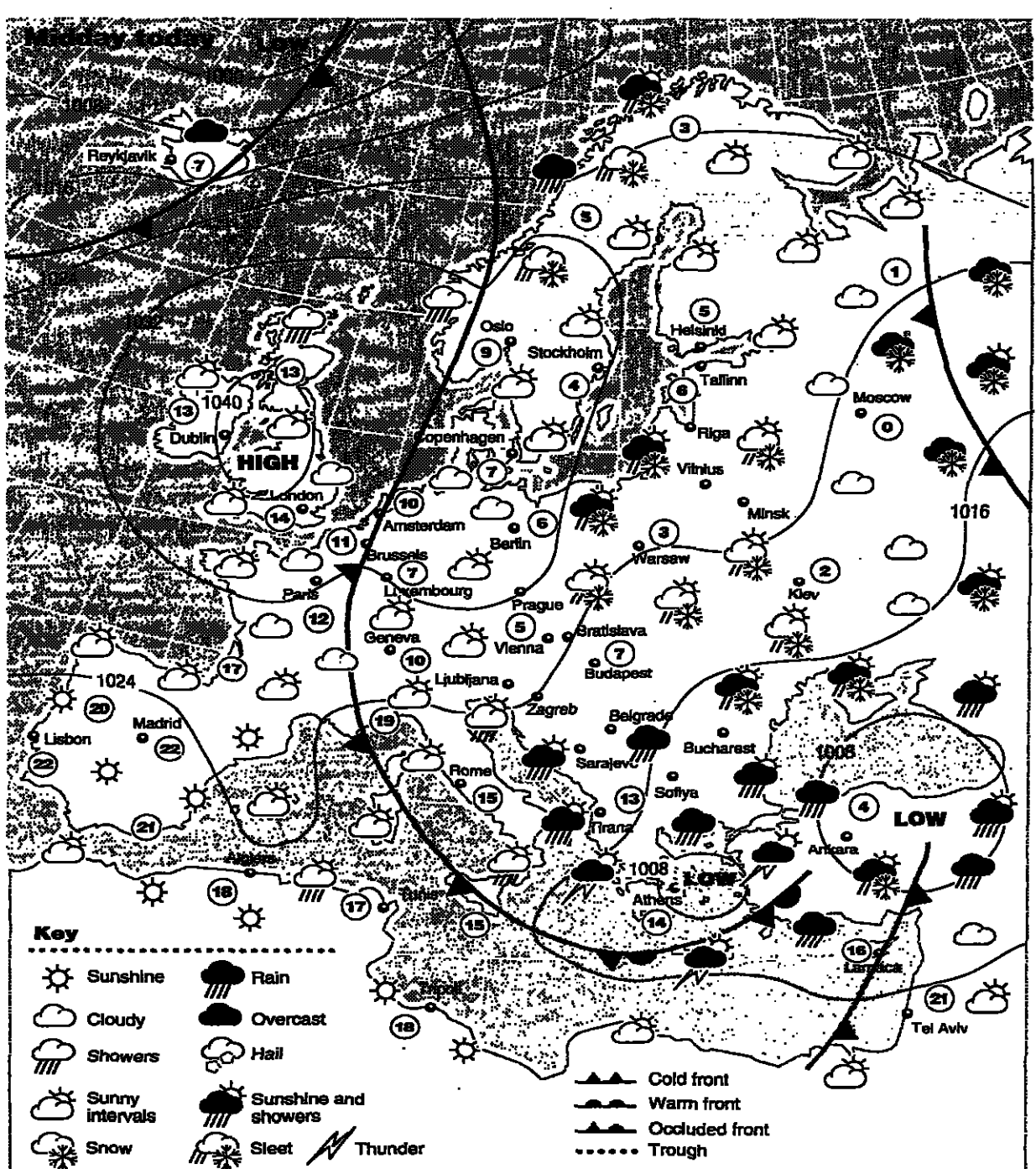
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## The weather in Europe



## Forecast for the cities

Today	tomorrow	after
Algeria 18 7 S	Algeria 18 7 S	Algeria 18 7 S
Amsterdam 10 5 S	Amsterdam 10 5 S	Amsterdam 10 5 S
Athens 12 5 F	Athens 12 5 F	Athens 12 5 F
Berlin 10 5 S	Berlin 10 5 S	Berlin 10 5 S
Bombay 10 5 S	Bombay 10 5 S	Bombay 10 5 S
Buenos Aires 10 5 S	Buenos Aires 10 5 S	Buenos Aires 10 5 S
Calcutta 10 5 S	Calcutta 10 5 S	Calcutta 10 5 S
Cairo 10 5 S	Cairo 10 5 S	Cairo 10 5 S
Cardiff 10 5 S	Cardiff 10 5 S	Cardiff 10 5 S
Chennai 10 5 S	Chennai 10 5 S	Chennai 10 5 S
Copenhagen 10 5 S	Copenhagen 10 5 S	Copenhagen 10 5 S
Dublin 10 5 S	Dublin 10 5 S	Dublin 10 5 S
Edinburgh 10 5 S	Edinburgh 10 5 S	Edinburgh 10 5 S
Geneva 10 5 S	Geneva 10 5 S	Geneva 10 5 S
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Heidelberg 10 5 S	Heidelberg 10 5 S	Heidelberg 10 5 S
Hong Kong 10 5 S	Hong Kong 10 5 S	Hong Kong 10 5 S
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Los Angeles 10 5 S	Los Angeles 10 5 S	Los Angeles 10 5 S
Madrid 10 5 S	Madrid 10 5 S	Madrid 10 5 S
Mumbai 10 5 S	Mumbai 10 5 S	Mumbai 10 5 S
Nairobi 10 5 S	Nairobi 10 5 S	Nairobi 10 5 S
Paris 10 5 S	Paris 10 5 S	Paris 10 5 S
Rome 10 5 S	Rome 10 5 S	Rome 10 5 S
Stockholm 10 5 S	Stockholm 10 5 S	Stockholm 10 5 S
Taipei 10 5 S	Taipei 10 5 S	Taipei 10 5 S
Toronto 10 5 S	Toronto 10 5 S	Toronto 10 5 S
Warsaw 10 5 S	Warsaw 10 5 S	Warsaw 10 5 S
Wellington 10 5 S	Wellington 10 5 S	Wellington 10 5 S
Yokohama 10 5 S	Yokohama 10 5 S	Yokohama 10 5 S

## Around the world

Today	tomorrow	after
Algeria 18 7 S	Algeria 18 7 S	Algeria 18 7 S
Amsterdam 10 5 S	Amsterdam 10 5 S	Amsterdam 10 5 S
Athens 12 5 F	Athens 12 5 F	Athens 12 5 F
Berlin 10 5 S	Berlin 10 5 S	Berlin 10 5 S
Bombay 10 5 S	Bombay 10 5 S	Bombay 10 5 S
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Mumbai 10 5 S	Mumbai 10 5 S	Mumbai 10 5 S
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Warsaw 10 5 S	Warsaw 10 5 S	Warsaw 10 5 S
Wellington 10 5 S	Wellington 10 5 S	Wellington 10 5 S
Yokohama 10 5 S	Yokohama 10 5 S	Yokohama 10 5 S

## European weather outlook

Today	tomorrow	after
Algeria 18 7 S	Algeria 18 7 S	Algeria 18 7 S
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Mumbai 10 5 S	Mumbai 10 5 S	Mumbai 10 5 S
Nairobi 10 5 S	Nairobi 10 5 S	Nairobi 10 5 S
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Stockholm 10 5 S	Stockholm 10 5 S	Stockholm 10 5 S
Taipei 10 5 S	Taipei 10 5 S	Taipei 10 5 S
Toronto 10 5 S	Toronto 10 5 S	Toronto 10 5 S
Warsaw 10 5 S	Warsaw 10 5 S	Warsaw 10 5 S
Wellington 10 5 S	Wellington 10 5 S	Wellington 10 5 S
Yokohama 10 5 S	Yokohama 10 5 S	Yokohama 10 5 S

## Television and radio — Saturday

**BBC 1**  
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# Europe: a single market divided by a common set of statistics

Survey of continent's lifestyles confirms differences between countries, writes **Stuart Millar**

IT WAS billed as an exercise in international understanding, the realisation of the European dream by numbers. With the relentless approach of the new millennium, ran the argument, what better way to promote harmonisation than an all-encompassing snapshot of European life?

But the publication yesterday of a massive, cradle-to-grave European Union survey of the lifestyles of its peoples may have achieved the opposite. Over 500 pages of raw data, the document reveals far more about what continues to divide the Brits from the French, the Swedes from the Greeks and the Spanish from the Luxembourgers than what they have in common.

Twenty-seven years on from Britain's accession to the Common Market, the results demonstrate how little changes in the political landscape have affected the trivialities of everyday life and death in Europe.

Few aspects of life were left untouched by the survey, which was compiled by the EU's Luxembourg-based statistical agency, Eurostat. It not only included life expectancy and birth rates, but also alcohol consumption, AIDS cases and the number of dentists per 100,000 people.

The report drew no conclusions, concentrating on setting out who lives how. But Europhobes will take comfort in the fact that national traits

and idiosyncrasies remain as pronounced as ever — despite persistent scares over the EU's desire to standardise everything from money to bananas.

All the national stereotypes are provided with fresh ammunition. The Nordic races remain gloomy and staid, the Latins remain speed-crazed and the Greeks undeterred in their love of tobacco.

The Swedes, for example, boasted the longest-living men, with an average of 76.5 years. They were the safest drivers, with the lowest death toll on the roads. They had the lowest smoking rate in the EU of 92.2 per person a year, and were also the most

## British disease — fear of 'laziness'

In most categories, British citizens were notable only by their ordinariness. Their drinking rate was close to average, as was their smoking. They were less likely to kill themselves than many of their neighbours, and their driving was safer than most.

But in one category, the British came top. Once again, the survey revealed that they work the longest hours in Europe, despite the Labour government's decision to implement the European Commission's working hours directive which sets down a maximum of 48 hours a week.

It found that employees

abstemious, consuming a trifling 6.5 litres of pure alcohol per head per year.

But their caution in drinking, driving and smoking may help explain why the country was miserable enough to make a significant showing in the suicide chart, with 20.9 men killing themselves annually for every 100,000 — more than double the UK rate.

The Greeks by contrast may have the worst smoking record, getting through more than 3,000 cigarettes each a year, and they may have drunk almost 11 litres of pure alcohol each. But the lifestyle appeared to make them happy as they were the least prone to take their own lives, with a

suicide rate of 5.5 men per 100,000 and only 1.1 women.

Among the few changes detected since the last survey, concerned alcohol consumption. The French can no longer lay claim to being the continent's heaviest drinkers, even though they each got through the equivalent of 14.1 litres of pure alcohol a year.

More surprising still is that their mantle has been taken on by the otherwise unremarkable Luxembourgers, who consumed 15.3 litres a year.

But pro-Europeans were unfazed yesterday by the stark differences. "One way of understanding our neighbours better is to compare them with ourselves," said Yves Franchet, Eurostat's director general. "That is what international statistics are all about. They are an objective and down-to-earth way of measuring how we all live and for making those vital comparisons."

Danny Alexander, of the London-based European Movement, agreed. "Even within European countries there is lots of diversity. The thing about Europe is that the people all over see the advantages of working together."

He denied that the results would serve merely to reinforce stereotypes. "It is very helpful for people to get an understanding of how their neighbours in other countries live. If everybody in Europe was the same, then it would be a very boring place."

This confirms what our own research has found," said a TUC spokeswoman. "There's nothing wrong with working hard but when they feel afraid to go home then that is a serious management problem."

In this country were still turning in almost 44 hours a week, slightly less than in previous years but almost four hours longer than the rest of Europe.

The finding underlines the cultural shift required to cure Britons of the affliction experts have dubbed "presentism" — working long hours through a fear of being seen as lazy by employers.

"This confirms what our own research has found," said a TUC spokeswoman. "There's nothing wrong with working hard but when they feel afraid to go home then that is a serious management problem."

From Apiau, a small village of 346 people, the sun cannot be seen through the haze until late afternoon. About 10 per cent of the local people have already moved away. Ten a day are turning up at

the fires are all around them. "At night the mountains look like an illuminated city. There are huge flames like sails."

Their 35 remaining cattle now graze 10 miles away. They are trying to replant the banana trees but it will be at least two years before life for them and their 10 children will be back to normal. "I have lost everything," Mr Da Costa says. "My dream has been destroyed."

From Apiau, a small village of 346 people, the sun cannot be seen through the haze until late afternoon. About 10 per cent of the local people have already moved away. Ten a day are turning up at

## The Europeans Facing facts on a way of life

### Smoking

Cigarettes per person, 1994

Greece	3,012
Switzerland	2,322
Luxembourg	2,140
Portugal	1,777
Ireland	1,730
UK	992
Sweden	992
Norway	597

### Drinking

Litres of pure alcohol a year "sold to average person over 15 years"

Luxembourg	15.3
France	14.1
Portugal	13.1
UK	9.3
Iceland	4.7
Norway	4.6

### Suicide

Per 100,000 population

Finland	41.8
Austria	32.9
France	30.2
UK	11.5
Greece	5.5
Men	1.1
Women	1.1

### Working

Average full-time working week, hours, 1996

UK	43.9
Portugal	41.2
Spain	40.6
Greece	40.4
Finland	38.7
Denmark	38.7

### Aids

Per 100,000 population

Spain	167.7
Italy	92.6
Portugal	91.1
UK	24.1
Iceland	11.2
Norway	11.1

## Brazil's jungle fires threaten surviving Stone Age tribe

continued from page 1  
ened as yet, accounting for a small percentage of the 20,000 Indians who live on a reservation which stretches over the border into Venezuela.

This year's savannah fire is believed to be the worst in almost a century. It is the combined result of a dry season prolonged by the El Niño weather phenomenon, strong winds and settlers burning their land. Farmers scorch land to clear it and because the ash is a useful fertiliser.

The government estimates that 12,000 cattle have died and 15,000 families have been seriously affected. Near the village of Apiau, 50 miles

south of the state capital Boa Vista, the fire has ruined many livelihoods.

Fernando de Oliveira was in his hammock when he heard a crackling sound. He found the forest at the end of his land in flames. Half an hour later his three-hectare plot of pasture was burnt.

"I've never seen anything like that in my 37 years here," he said. A day later, his land is black, polka-dotted with white ash strips.

His neighbour a few miles away shows the burnt bones of one of his cattle. Jaci Viera da Costa also lost all his cash crops — banana and cashew — as well as pasture land.

His wife Maria Elena says

the fires are all around them. "At night the mountains look like an illuminated city. There are huge flames like sails."

Their 35 remaining cattle now graze 10 miles away. They are trying to replant the banana trees but it will be at least two years before life for them and their 10 children will be back to normal. "I have lost everything," Mr Da Costa says. "My dream has been destroyed."

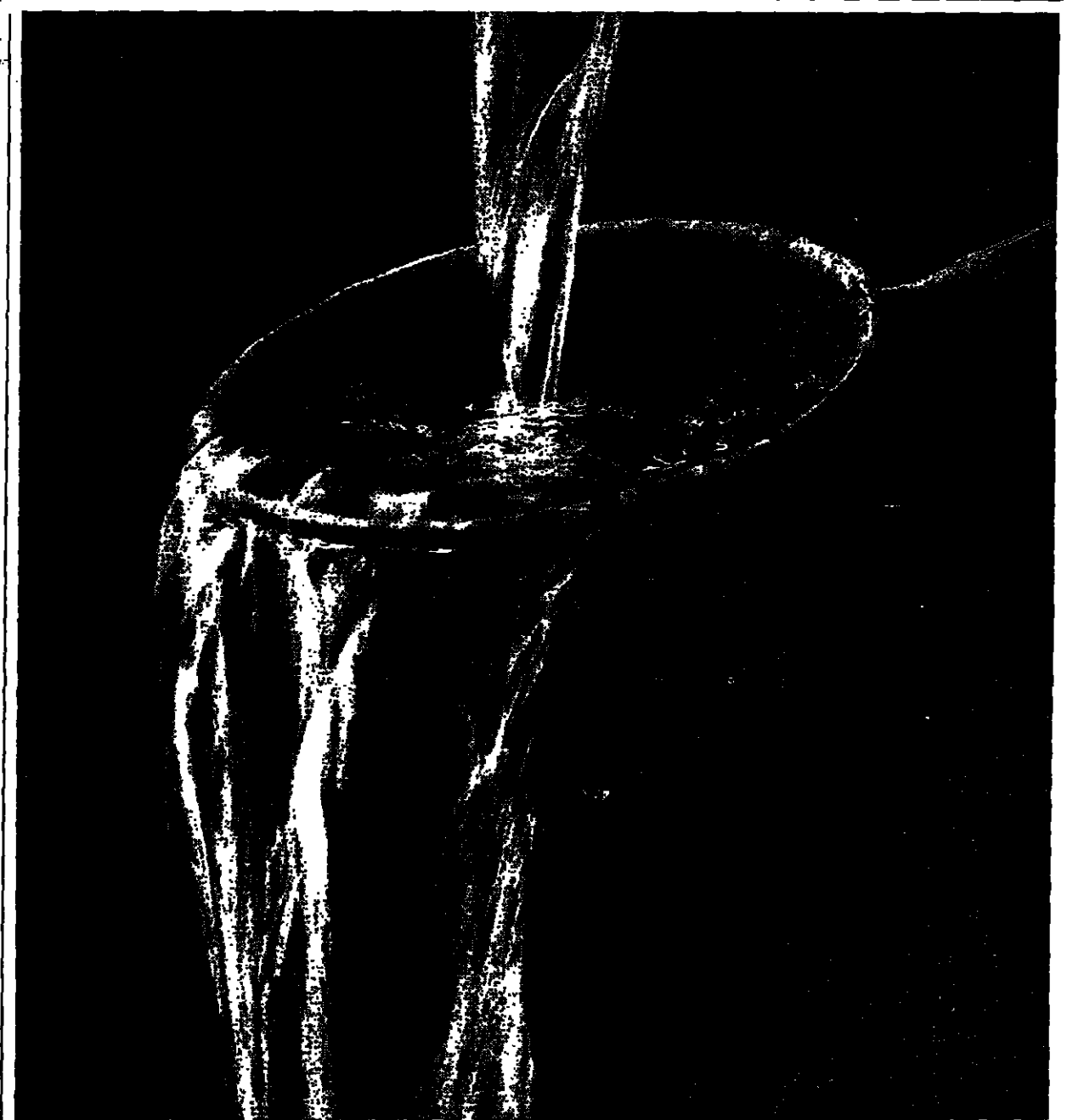
From Apiau, a small village of 346 people, the sun cannot be seen through the haze until late afternoon. About 10 per cent of the local people have already moved away. Ten a day are turning up at

the health post complaining of tiredness, headaches and breathing problems.

The latest casualty, three-year-old Queriaz da Silva, was suffering badly. Her abdomen shook as her lungs took fast, short breaths. She pointed for the nurse to the places that hurt: her throat, head and back.

Nurse Juracy Maxima de Sousa said the village did not even have an inhaler. They had made a request to the state government weeks ago, but none had turned up.

In her corner shop Maria Reis said: "The fires have destroyed everything in the area. The summer just never ends."



If you'd like to know more about our unique whiskey, write to us for a free booklet at the Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352 USA.

A DIPPER OF COOL WATER holds a secret to the smoothness of Jack Daniel's Whiskey.

This particular water comes from the underground cave spring at our distillery, where it flows year-round at 56° Fahrenheit. It's free of iron and other impurities, so it's ideal for making whiskey. In fact, we've never used any other. As far as we're concerned, there's nothing quite like it anywhere in the world. One sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, and you'll share this opinion.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

In the background I could hear the slow grisly rattle of mucus bubbling with each breath; the amplified sounds of death, Ethel's death. "What'll I do?" Helen sobbed. "It's been going on and on. She won't die!"  
Confessions of a mercy killer

The Week page 17

## 4 BRITAIN

'There may be some people who feel criticised but we have to have this debate. We can't stay doing things in the same way we did them in the 60s, 70s and 80s'

Protests over spin doctor memo. Madeleine Bunting reports



The Venerable Pete Broadbent... confident that the modernisers will win in battle to reform Church of England

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS SPURLING

## Archdeacon unrepentant over call to modernise church

THE author of a radical internal Church of England memo yesterday defended his views that the institution was "culturally light years behind" and that the synod was "terminally tedious" after being faced with a barrage of criticism.

The Venerable Pete Broadbent, Archdeacon of Northolt, admitted he had written the unsigned internal memo, leaked to the Guardian, which was discussed last December by the policy committee of the general synod chaired by the Archbishop of York, the Rt Rev David Hope. He called for the church to use spin doctors to ensure more favourable media coverage and a Blairite modernisation of a committee culture.

"There may be some people who feel criticised but we have to have this debate," he

said yesterday. "We can't stay doing things in the same way we did them in the 60s, 70s and 80s. If they see themselves in that description it is their problem. If they think that is criticism of them, then so be it."

But Canon John Stanley, a senior member of the synod and Prolocutor of the Convocation of York, said Archdeacon Broadbent showed signs of "a degree of frustration" and insisted that for the church to seek to promote itself and its activities ran completely counter to Christian values and the Gospel.

"I don't know how to combat the negative publicity. I am concerned about the 'modernisation programme'. There will be a loss of accountability and a marginalisation of the general synod. There are two visions of the church's future in conflict here."

Canon Stanley — who is a Church Commissioner and Chaplain to the Queen — admitted that synod debates could be tedious and introspective, but insisted they were necessary. There was considerable concern in the synod about the organisational reforms which had been fast-tracked through the legislative process.

TRADITIONALISTS also criticised Archdeacon Broadbent. Anthony Kilminster, chairman of the Prayer Book Society, said spin doctors were only needed to cover up the damage done to the church by evangelicals.

"We have thrown out the beautiful and majestic worship and instead of the Prayer Book, we use committee speak. Their heads are in a

spin — it is not spin doctors who will restore the church."

Ann Widdicombe, the Conservative MP who converted to Catholicism over the Church of England's ordination of women, said: "The gospel does not need spinning, it merely needs spreading."

Archdeacon Broadbent dismissed the criticism, saying he was confident that the modernisers would win in their battle to reform the Church of England, but acknowledged that there were pockets of resistance in both the general synod and in the church bureaucracy in the could slow the process down.

"Some people are too imbued with the old style of things and aren't prepared to change. They will fight to preserve their corner. Their feet dragging will slow us down."

Some democracy would have to be sacrificed to ensure that things got done. There was a dangerous analogy in how the Labour Party's constitution was now tightly controlled.

"We need to tease this issue out together. There is a real danger of ending up with the laity getting squeezed out because they do not have the time and energy to devote to this."

Archdeacon Broadbent, a long-time Labour Party member, and former chairman of housing at Islington council, north London, is highly regarded as one of the most able administrators in the church. He was tipped for the bishopric of Liverpool, although by publicly declaring his authorship of the memo he is risking his chances of preferment: the church puts a high value on controversy-free discretion for episcopal appointments.

He is better placed than almost anyone to judge the effectiveness of the general synod, given that he sits on its steering committee — and is chairman of the vital business sub-committee which sets the synod's agenda and is on the policy committee.

He is also on the Archbishop's advisory council, which is overseeing the implementation of the reforms that will lead to the setting up of an archbishops' council at the end of the year.

In his flamboyantly coloured silk shirts, he is a frequent speaker in the synod and is likely to be a candidate for elections to the new council. The Bishop of London, the Rt Rev Richard Chartres, is reputed to have said that if you want anything done in the Church of England, you have to talk to Pete Broadbent.

## Duty-free protesters block Calais

Britons stranded as striking ferry workers close Channel tunnel

Jon Henley in Paris

A STRIKE by French ferry workers and dockers closed the port of Calais and blocked the Channel tunnel entrance yesterday. The action was a protest at the ending of duty-free shopping within the European Union.

Around 500 chanting and whistle-blowing workers began their 24-hour blockade of the port before dawn. Hundreds more used cars to block the motorway entrance to the tunnel terminal for cars and lorries for several hours until the afternoon.

Eurotunnel then said the backlog would be cleared by Le Shuttle trains within two hours. Eurostar trains were unaffected.

Ferry companies sailing to and from Dover switched to Zeebrugge or Ostende in Belgium or cancelled sailings altogether.

The companies and their employees claim that the ending of duty-free sales, scheduled for July 1 next year, will lead to higher ticket prices and could send some companies out of business.

"This measure will lead to the elimination of 1,200 jobs in the company, 3,500 in France, and 110,000 to 150,000 throughout Europe," said the president of ferry firm Sea-France, Didier Bonnet.

The walk-out was backed by the three main French unions and the Calais Chamber of Commerce. "We are doing this because we believe the abolition of duty-free is wrong," said a chamber spokeswoman. "We are making a stand for workers everywhere in Europe."

The unions were also protesting at a European Union directive that will liberalise hiring of seamen, a move they allege will lead to firms taking on crew from other EU states where wages are lower.

A local CGT union organiser, Patrick Fontaine, said workers were also staging protests at Boulogne, Le Havre, Cherbourg, Caen, Roscoff and Marseilles.

British travellers hoping to return via the tunnel yesterday morning were resigned to a wait. Satinder Sandhu, a computer operator from Langley in Berkshire, had come to Calais on Le Shuttle to buy cheap wine and beer. "We're stuck — we'll just have to sit and wait. It's unbelievable the French police are allowing these people to carry on like this."

The police diverted all traffic arriving by motorway at the tunnel terminal for a four-hour period agreed with the unions; the latter ended the protest 15 minutes before the agreed deadline, after which police would have moved in. "You've got to admire these people for sticking to their beliefs," said another stranded Briton, Gary Smyth, from Romford in Essex, speaking of the strikers. "It is very effective."

The Freight Transport Association said the strike could cost British firms £500,000 in extra fuel and wages. The diversion to Zeebrugge added about 60 miles to many journeys, a spokesman said, while the sailing time was four hours as opposed to just over one.

But there was some support for the strike's aims in Britain. Barry Goddard, secretary general of the Duty Free Confederation, said it did not condone strikes but claimed abolition would cost 23,000 jobs in Britain.

Teresa Gorman, the Conservative MP for Billericay, said she wished the strikers luck. "It is Easter's Last Stand — it is just that they are going down with all flags flying. We may have to suffer the inconvenience of a day's disruption in this way if people are trying to make a valid point."

## Rising sea poses threat to homes

Amelia Gentleman

INSURANCE premiums for home-owners on the east coast of England could soar in response to new research which reveals a greatly increased threat of flooding in this part of the country as a result of global warming.

An internal insurance industry study on the risks of serious flooding has warned that potential losses could be huge as a result of rising sea levels.

The industry is also concerned that many sea defences, designed to protect against flooding, have fallen into dangerous disrepair and that irresponsible developers are building more homes on low-lying coastal areas, which are very vulnerable to floods.

Some homeowners have already seen their insurance premiums rise significantly, while others fear that the cost of insuring some coastal properties could soon become too high to be affordable.

The report's author, Oliver Peterkin, director of research at the re-insurance group Willis, Faber & Dumas, said: "The risk of flooding is increasing due to the effects of global warming which is raising sea levels."

"We also have some doubts about the extent to which sea defences along the east coast are being maintained."

Defences were strengthened by the Government in response to the severe 1963 flood, when 307 people drowned and thousands of homes were washed away. Many are now deemed to be "nearing the end of their useful lives."

The report concludes that another flood on a similar

scale could represent the largest single potential loss to the insurers.

While home-owners along the east coast shudder at the thought of rising premiums, John Pethick, professor of coastal science at Newcastle University, said he applauded the increased costs.

Insurers are right to be grasping this nettle. They ought to be saying it's not worth their while to insure properties in these high risk areas. There is a risk and people ought to be frightened. People should not move into these floodable areas. High insurance premiums is a good way of dissuading them," he said.

A comprehensive Environment Agency report identifying areas most at risk from flooding is due to be published at the end of next month.

Meanwhile, there was little the insurance industry could do to soften the blow for coastal inhabitants, said a spokesman for General Accident. "You can't expect people in low flood risk areas to subsidise the insurance of people whose homes present a high risk," he said.

Mark Boleat, director general of the Association of British Insurers, said: "There's obviously a bigger flooding risk in East Angles than in other parts of the country."

While some individual homes might be too high-risk to insure, there were no blacklisted areas, he said.

"In areas where flooding is more likely, premiums are likely to be higher. But I'm not aware of any overall problem with people getting insurance, or of massive increases in premiums."

## Renewed Tory warfare over Europe

### Hague quashes rumour of single currency shift

Anne Perkins  
Political Correspondent

TORY infighting over Europe broke out again yesterday as William Hague categorically denied reports that he has softened his line on a single currency.

The Conservative leader used a speech to the Small Business Federation to underline his determination to rule out joining the euro for this parliament and the next.

Party sources said he "strengthened" his message after reports in two newspapers that he was ready to drop the 10-year exclusion.

Mr Hague told businessmen: "We oppose joining the single currency in the lifetime of this parliament and we intend to oppose abolishing the pound at the next election."

The introduction last November of the "this parliament and the next election" formula provoked the resignation of two shadow ministers, David Curry and Ian Taylor, and alienated party grandees such as the former deputy prime minister, Michael Heseltine, and the former chancellor, Kenneth Clarke.

But yesterday, to a largely Eurosceptic audience, Mr Hague dismissed criticism. "Some say our position is dogmatic. I say it is plain



John Redwood: 'The party's policy is settled'

common sense," he said. "I want to see how the single currency operates in good times and bad. I want to see how it works after its bank notes and coins start circulating in 2002. I want to see whether it works before anyone bets Britain's entire economy on joining."

A party spokesman dismissed the idea of a policy shift as party manoeuvring. "Mr Hague has a very firm, very clear view on this issue. This is just one faction trying to press him to take a different position."

The party launched an immediate damage limitation exercise, messaging leading Eurosceptic ministers early yesterday morning to deny the reports. Last night the shadow trade secretary, John

Redwood, said: "This story was without foundation. The denials were rapid and categorical. The party's policy is settled. We settled it in shadow cabinet."

Pro-European Tories were being blamed in some quarters for planting the story in an attempt to bounce the rest of the party. However, they replied that as far as their interests were concerned, the reports had been counter-productive. The Esher MP and former trade minister, Ian Taylor, said: "I am sad the story has been denied because it was a timely opportunity to get the party out of an unelectable position."

Eurosceptic MPs are increasingly concerned about next year's European elections and the manifesto, which Mr Hague has promised to put to a vote of the membership.

He is also committed to submitting the party's European policy to a membership vote, and, if the two are combined, it could put pro-European MPs and MEPs in an impossible position, having to take the whole policy or none of it. A Central Office source said yesterday the decision had yet to be taken.

Mr Hague also challenged the Chancellor, Gordon Brown, to use this weekend's meeting of European finance ministers in York to make sure there was no fudging of convergence criteria for countries joining the euro.

## Tycoon to fight for euro no vote

Peter Hetherington

THE multi-millionaire who bankrolled Eurosceptic Tories during the general election is launching a national campaign for a "no" vote in a referendum on whether Britain should join the single currency.

Paul Sykes, who left the Conservatives in protest at John Major's equivocation over Europe, is prepared to spend several million pounds to match a Government-led "yes" campaign.

He said yesterday that support was already forthcoming from both leftwing Labour MPs and rightwing Tories, along with several leading trade unionists and businessmen. Although 2002 is the likely year of a referendum, the Yorkshire-based property developer has already set up an office in Harrogate with two researchers to prepare for a launch early next year, when more staff will be taken on.

Mr Sykes, who developed Sheffield's Meadowhall shopping complex, plans to



Paul Sykes: 'This will be a people's campaign'

use part of his £250 million fortune on a series of newspaper and television advertisements, leaflet drops, public meetings and videos.

"This will be a people's campaign — mobilising the shop floor, trade unions and men and women in the street — to ensure that voters have all the facts before them in order to make the most crucial decision of the century," Mr Sykes said yesterday, as he prepared to lobby the Ecom conference of European Union finance ministers in York.

"I am not having platforms for politicians or people yacking on to make themselves famous. I am no longer a member of any political party and it is important that we are above party politics. But MPs from both parties, leaving Labour and rightwing Tories, are already coming forward."

Mr Sykes described his initiative as an "awareness campaign", which is likely to cost considerably more than the £2 million he devoted to last year's election.

Although regarded as a maverick, Mr Sykes — in the words of one Tory MP — has a reputation for "putting his money where his mouth is."

Even opponents, who blamed him for further undermining Tory divisions in last year's election, recognise he is a force to be reckoned with. "He could easily provide the funds for the only effective anti-single currency campaign," added the MP.

Mr Sykes said: "Most people are not aware that if we join a single currency they will no longer be able to vote for a party to change interest rates or exchange rates."

## Railtrack tipped for Tube deal

Keith Harper  
Transport Editor

RAILTRACK last night emerged as the strongest contender to take over the London Underground after the Government announced an extra "patch and mend" £365 million to keep the network intact for the next two years.

Railtrack said it was in a better position than most to take part in a £7 billion contract to run the network within two years because two thirds of the Underground's tracks were adjacent to its own. "We have the expertise longer than the 15 years wanted by the Government," said a spokesman.

Railtrack was responding to a commitment by the Deputy Prime Minister, John Prescott, to enter into partnership with the private sector to refurbish the Underground. Mr Prescott described it as "the third way" between privatisation and nationalisation.

The £365 million takes a big chunk of the £500 million that the Chancellor, Gordon Brown, has earmarked for public transport in the next three years. The rest is largely going on rural transport.

LD's total investment in the next two years will be £1 billion. But the industry treated the investment with caution. The network has suffered from underfunding by both Labour and the Tories.



Duty-free  
protesters  
block Calais

The Guardian Saturday March 21 1998

WORLD NEWS 5

# Police battle nuclear protests

Ian Traynor in Bonn

**G**ERMAN police, deployed in overwhelming force, used water cannon, baton charges, helicopters and tear gas yesterday to ensure the passage of controversial nuclear waste for intermediate storage on the Dutch border.

Thousands of local people, seasoned environmentalist wreckers and radicals resisting a showdown with the police tried to prevent the trainload of spent nuclear fuel reaching the storage plant at Ahaus in the north-west.

About 30,000 police in full riot gear escorted the train of six special containers, arresting hundreds of protesters. They cleared a protest-free corridor and dragged away activists who had tunneled under roads or handcuffed themselves to railway lines.

Several top football matches scheduled for the weekend were postponed because the security operation meant a shortage of police to steward them.

The operation is thought to have been the biggest police deployment in Germany's post-war history.

Wolfgang Clement, the Social Democrat who this summer becomes the prime minister of North-Rhine Westphalia, Germany's most populous state where Ahaus is sited, described the transportation of the cargo as "irresponsible nonsense".

The 450 miles to Ahaus from two nuclear power plants in the south, Gundremmingen in Bavaria and Neckarwestheim in Baden-Württemberg — became a long game of cat and mouse between resourceful protesters and well-prepared police.

The shipment started out on Thursday, earlier than expected, in a vain attempt to catch the anti-nuclear activists off-guard.

A similar shipment last March to the northern storage site of Gorleben led to pitched battles in the mud. The annual nuclear showdown in Germany has assumed a ritualistic quality.

Early yesterday one policeman died when hit by an express train while trying to clear the route.

While a punk band, the Dead Trousers, played for the protesters, teenage pupils in Ahaus boycotted classes to join the anti-nuclear camps sprouting in the area. Demonstrators staged "die-ins", simulating the casualties feared from the "train of death".

Hundreds of protesters lodged themselves on the railway lines at Ahaus station, before the police dragged them away. The two miles of track from the station to the storage site was secured and cleared of all demonstrators.

Mr Clement said images of the huge police operation were damaging Germany's international reputation.



A protester sits surrounded by police in demonstrations against the storage of nuclear waste at Ahaus on Germany's border with Holland yesterday

PHOTOGRAPH: PHILIP BARR

## The Anglo-German love-in gets steamier

Bonn's political leaders hanker after the dynamism associated with Tony Blair, writes Ian Traynor

**I**T IS inconceivable that the Sun would run a headline like "Terroric Theo — Willy Waigel's Bonanza" in response to a German finance minister's budget presentation.

But for Bildzeitung, the best-selling German tabloid, (circulation almost 5 million), Gordon Brown's performance in the Commons was reason enough to heap extravagant praise on Tony Blair's Britain.

In its main editorial, the German red-top sounded besotted with Britain the day before Mr Blair came to Bonn to see Chancellor Helmut Kohl and his challenger Gerhard Schröder.

"Britain — the tops," boomed the tabloid. "Britain was the best, when the industrial age began. Germany needed 100 years to catch up. Now the British are rushing off again. We

hope we won't get left behind again."

Bild's praise is the latest example of the deepening Anglo-German love affair triggered by last May's Labour landslide. Not so long ago "Anglo-Saxon" was a term of disparagement in German political discourse.

No longer. As Germany gears up for a general election and contemplates a generational jump in its leadership, there is a palpable hankering for change and a younger, more dynamic government. The model, all of a sudden, is Britain and Blair.

For all the much-vaunted closeness of the relationship between Germany and France, Anglo-German bonds are the more striking. Mr Kohl Mr Schröder were eager to be seen posing with Mr Blair in Bonn

yesterday, and the television footage will no doubt reappear as election campaign ammunition.

Mr Kohl wrote to Mr Blair in German last week using the rare and familiar Du form of address, while yesterday he addressed the prime minister as "Dear Tony", and then went on to list his six scheduled meetings with Blair before July.

"They get on extraordinarily well," said a Downing Street spokesman.

The Schröder team asked to be fitted into the Blair schedule yesterday and the challenger took along his key campaign strategists, Wolfgang Clement and Bodo Hombach.

The fledgling Schröder election campaign already resonates with Blairisms: there are warnings against over-optimism, no pledges that cannot be kept, no gov-

ernment commitments that cannot be financed, and the market as a friend not a foe. The Social Democrats' draft manifesto also talks of being tough on crime and the causes of crime.

A Downing Street spokesman said there were "very strong echoes" of British government policy in the SPD manifesto.

mirroring Germany's modern history museum.

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## 6 WORLD NEWS

## News in brief

## Korean peace talks hit trouble

FOUR-COUNTRY talks in Geneva on a peace treaty to put a formal end to hostilities on the Korean peninsula have run into "serious difficulties", the Chinese chairman said yesterday. The talks were adjourned until late last night to enable the North Korean side to seek further instructions from Pyongyang, but China's assistant foreign minister, Chen Jian, said it was not certain that a new round of talks would be called. "I think these difficulties come from both sides," he said, referring to the two Koreas. "This has always been the case." Diplomats close to the talks said deadlock remained over how to set up an inter-Korean working group to agree ways of moving the process forward. — Reuters, Geneva.

## Two Mormons kidnapped

SECURITY services in Russia's Saratov region are searching for two US Mormon Church missionaries who were kidnapped on Thursday, Izar-Tass news agency said. Regional administration sources said the two men were abducted by unknown persons in one of the region's Mormon churches. A local Mormon was informed about the abduction in a note. — Reuters, Moscow.

## US tornado kills eight

A SURPRISE tornado tore through a rural area of north-eastern Georgia, USA, yesterday, ripping apart homes and damaging farm buildings and a primary school. At least eight people were killed and 80 injured. Six people, including two children, were killed in mobile homes near a high school, including a girl aged 13 whose home was dumped into a pond. — AP, Gainesville.

## Waterway plan ditched

BRAZIL has abandoned plans to develop a controversial waterway project because it would have damaged the Pantanal wetlands, one of the world's richest ecological areas, Eduardo Martins, the president of the government's Environment Institute, said. The project, to dredge deeper channels along 2,100 miles of the Paraguay and Parana rivers in south-western Brazil, had been proposed by five South American countries to promote regional development. — Reuters, Brasilia.

## Yeltsin summit switched

IN A worrying confirmation of President Boris Yeltsin's frail health, his summit next week with Chancellor Helmut Kohl and President Jacques Chirac was yesterday switched from the Siberian city of Yekaterinburg to Moscow, where specialist medical attention would be readily available should he require it. He spent three hours at work yesterday following a week of what was described as a bad cold. Television pictures showed him looking poorly. There was no sound. — Tom Whitehouse, Moscow.

## Blackout compensation

MERCURY Energy, the electricity company responsible for the blackout of central Auckland, offered people affected a \$30 million compensation package yesterday to head off a class action lawsuit.

The blackout, which began on January 22, affected more than 8,500 businesses, employing almost 74,000 people, and some 6,230 residents.

Most street-level shops in the centre of Auckland reopened this week after some power was restored. The city is limping along with less-than-normal supplies from two repaired cables, supplemented by large generators. — AP, Auckland.

## China looks to stars

CHINA is preparing for missions to the Moon and Mars in the 21st century, the state-run Xinhua news agency reported. Chinese scientists are carrying out engineering feasibility studies for the projects, Yuan Jiajun, vice-president of the Chinese Academy of Space Technology, told an international meeting of space scientists in Beijing. — AP, Beijing.

## Black suicides climbing

THE suicide rate among young American blacks more than doubled between 1980 and 1995, and some researchers wonder whether middle-class life is to blame.

"You don't belong in any world," said Dr Carl Bell, a mental health expert who works with young blacks in Chicago. "You don't belong in the white middle-class and you don't belong among poor blacks. There is an alienation that occurs."

In 1995, there were 4.5 suicides per 100,000 blacks ages 10 to 19, up from 2.1 in 1980, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention said. Historically, suicide rates have been higher among white youths, but the study shows the gap is narrowing. The rate among young whites was more than twice that among blacks in 1980. But by 1995, the suicide rate among young whites was only 48 per cent higher, or 6.4 per 100,000 people. — AP, Atlanta.

## Missing soldier returns

A FORMER Japanese soldier, aged 77, who had been missing for 52 years until he was found in Russia last November arrived home yesterday.

Toshimasa Meguro was held prisoner in Siberia by the Soviet Union at the end of the second world war. He was accused of being a spy and sentenced to eight years in prison, Japanese media reports say. After his release, he was expected to remain in the region and report to police regularly.

"There was never a moment when I lost my Japanese identity," he was quoted as saying by Kyodo News service upon arriving at Nijiga International airport, 180 miles north-west of Tokyo. — AP, Tokyo.

## Sackings can be bad for you

A STUDY conducted at 45 hospitals across the United States found that managers double their usual risk of a heart attack in the week after they dismiss an employee. The research offers some of the strongest evidence yet that even brief spurts of on-the-job stress can be bad for the heart. — AP, Santa Fe.

## US eases noose round Cuba

Martin Kettle in Washington

PRESIDENT Fidel Castro gave an early welcome yesterday to the first signs of a thaw in Washington's long cold war against his Communist regime in Cuba.

With United States officials stressing the limited nature of the move, Dr Castro told CNN that a decision by the US to reinstate humanitarian flights to Cuba and ease other contacts was "really positive and constructive". He said the moves would "help in creating a better climate of relations". He looked forward to further improvements.

But in Geneva, Cuba's foreign minister, Roberto Robaina, dismissed the US

moves as "crumbs" and part of a political manoeuvre Havana could not accept.

The slight easing of tension between Washington and Havana came as President Clinton formally reversed a two-year ban on direct flights to Cuba for humanitarian purposes and loosened restrictions on exiles sending cash back to their relatives there. But officials stressed that this did not amount to softening the US trade embargo, still less to a major new attempt at détente with Dr Castro.

The decision was prompted by the success of the Pope's visit to Cuba in January, about which Washington was guarded positive, and by fresh pressure from the Vatican when the secretary of state, Madeleine Albright, vis-

ited the Pope in Italy earlier this month.

The measures restore the arrangements which existed before Washington tightened its restrictions on US-Cuban contacts after Havana shot down two planes in 1996 pl-

wrong," said José Basulto. "It is not going to help the Cuban people at all."

The measures allow Cuban exiles to send up to \$300 (£175) every three months to friends and relatives back home. Humanitarian flights deliver-

'These measures sound positive. They would be constructive, and conducive to a better climate'

ited by anti-Castro Cuban-American pilots working for the Miami-based Brothers to the Rescue group. Four people died in that incident. The founder of the group condemned Mr Clinton's move yesterday. "I believe it is

ing medicines and food will also resume and will be coordinated by the Catholic Church and relief agencies.

Dr Castro told CNN: "These measures sound positive to me. They would be... constructive measures which would be help-

ful and conducive to a better climate between the United States and Cuba."

Asked about possible future improvements in relations, he said: "We are confident that one day they will improve. What depends on our part, we will do."

The signs of a thaw brought a mixed response from US politicians. A spokesman for the chairman of the Senate foreign relations committee, Senator Jesse Helms, called it a "serious mistake". But several Democratic politicians and supporters of closer relations with Cuba welcomed the news.

US officials said their aim was to strengthen the role of the Catholic Church, which has a history of involvement in the distribution of humanitarian aid.

They stressed that the measures were an attempt to assist the Cuban people without helping to bolster Dr Castro. No easing of the longstanding embargo is envisaged.

US dignitaries and military officials were to travel to a remote mountainside in Nicaragua yesterday to search for the remains of two Cuban-Americans killed in the Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961.

The US ambassador to Nicaragua, Lino Gutiérrez, was to lead the delegation to San José de Bocay, 83 miles north-east of Managua.

The Miami pilots Crispin Lucio García Fernández and Juan de Mata "Nabel" González Romero crashed while flying a B-36 bomber back from Cuba to a Nicaraguan base, the CIA said this week.



An image of Elvis Presley dominates the Virtual Elvis show at New York's Radio City Music Hall this week. Fans saw a 24ft video apparition of the singer

PHOTOGRAPH: DOUG KANTER

## Libya reaps UN success

Mark Tran in New York

LIBYA scored a propaganda coup at the United Nations yesterday when dozens of countries backed Tripoli's call for the lifting of the sanctions imposed after the Lockerbie bombing.

The open Security Council debate, with families of the bombing victims among the audience, was an embarrassing setback for Britain and the United States.

In an attempt to buttress the United States case, its ambassador to the UN, Bill Richardson, appeared at a press conference with two victims' relatives and the US delegation displayed a picture of the downed Pan Am plane and a list of the 270 passengers who died in the 1988 bombing.

"This is what it's all about," said Dan Cohen, holding a photograph of his dead daughter. "If the United Nations turns its back on justice, the American people will turn their back on the UN."

British and US diplomats played down the significance of the debate, which will not affect the council's decision earlier this month to keep the

six-year sanctions in place. Libya has been under an arms and air embargo since 1992 for refusing to hand over two Libyans wanted in connection with the bombing. Washington and London want the suspects tried either in the US or Scotland.

But they are finding themselves increasingly isolated on this demand. The Organisation of African Unity and the Arab League back Libya's proposal to surrender the two suspects to the International Court of Justice in The Hague, or for trial in a third country.

Namibia, for example, said yesterday that the council should give serious consideration to a third-country venue, and China declared that sanctions had only aggravated the situation.

Sir John Weston, Britain's ambassador, told the council he understood the pressures of regional solidarity, "but we hope these organisations will not be used to undermine the Security Council's resolutions and that their influence will eventually be deployed to bring about Libya's acceptance of international law and justice for the victims".

## Clinton alters tack in Jones case

Martin Kettle in Washington

BILL CLINTON'S lawyers abruptly changed course in their continuing media and legal battle with Paula Jones yesterday, reversing an earlier decision to open up material about her past sex life at a pre-trial hearing.

On Thursday Mr Clinton's lawyer Bob Bennett wrote to Judge Susan Webster Wright indicating his intention to submit "sensitive information of a sexual nature" as part of his attempt to have the Jones case thrown out for lack of evidence.

The letter was immediately leaked to the media by Mrs Jones's lawyers, who had also received a copy, generating front page headlines in yesterday's newspapers.

It said that Mrs Jones had brought the decision upon herself by filing an affidavit from a sexual disorder specialist saying that she was traumatised by her alleged sexual encounter with Mr Clinton in 1991.

Mr Bennett wrote that Mrs Jones "has now placed her sexual conduct directly at issue with a brand new claim". But within hours he said he was reversing that decision.

"There is nothing in this filing that will be released, or under seal, concerning Paula Jones's sex life," the new statement said.

"The legal team made the strategic decision to focus this brief on the weakness and lack of any legal claim by the plaintiff [Mrs Jones] in this case."

Mr Bennett attacked Mrs Jones's legal team for breaching the confidentiality of the earlier letter, saying: "The letter to the judge was improperly and perhaps illegally leaked in violation of the gag order."

The White House spokesman Mike McCurry said yesterday that Mr Clinton himself thought that it would be inappropriate to use the material about Mrs Jones's sexual history, but it was "a tactical question". Another White House official said the administration was not involved in the decision.

The figures for the city are: 30 per cent Chinese American, 19 per cent Hispanic, 16 per cent African American, 12 per cent white, 9 per cent Filipino, and smaller percentages of Korean, American, Japanese American, native American and "other". If non-Chinese east Asians are included, the oriental total is well over 40 per cent, and in some districts east Asians comprise 80 per cent of the classes.

high school reading lists should be by non-white authors. The board rejected this as a racial quota, but insisted an unspecified number should be by non-whites.

The debate echoed criticisms of Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn for bias against blacks. And Chaucer's Canterbury Tales was lashed for "characterising people on their socio-economic class".

Keith Jackson, a sponsor of the new requirement, said: "California's teenagers are tired of the white European establishment."

Supporters of the move say they are not banishing white authors but simply adding other races. Critics fear the policy will polarise literature into nationalistic camps and produce uneven reading lists.

Although whites are a minority among the city's students, blacks come third in the racial make-up yet dominate the literary debate.

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**THE STICKLERS**

THING IS WORKING FOR BIRMINGHAM MIDSHIRES BUILDING SOCIETY WE GET A BONUS BASED ON CUSTOMER SATISFACTION

ON DEAR, DIDN'T YOU

EXCELLENT! MAM! VERY GOOD!

AND BECAUSE OUR CUSTOMER SATISFACTION IS RUNNING AT NEARLY 87%.

THE WIFE WENT AND BOGGED.

HE'S WORKED SO HARD ALL YEAR SATISFYING HIS CUSTOMERS. NOW IT'S MY TURN!

A NICE LITTLE HOLIDAY. TROUBLE IS BECAUSE WE MISSED ONE OF OUR TARGETS BY 60%

GARRY THAT'S NOTHING!

WE DIDN'T GET THE CUSTOMER SATISFACTION BONUS

SO WHAT DID THE WIFE SAY?

SHE SAID...

IT'D BETTER TRY A BIT HARDER.

SO LONG AS YOUR CUSTOMERS ARE HAPPY...

YOUR WIFE WILL BE HAPPY TOO. THAT'S DIFFERENT.

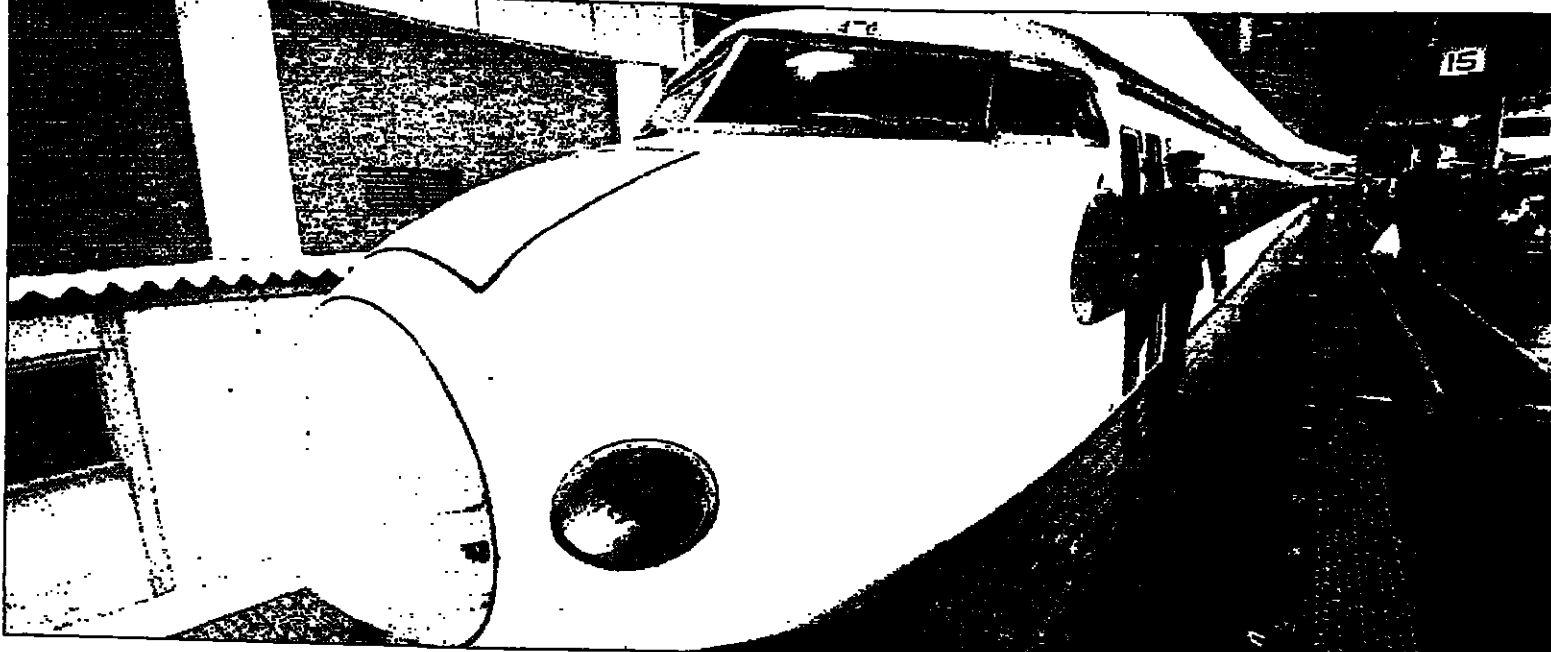
**Birmingham Midshires Building Society**

People make the difference

WELL, IT'S A DIFFERENT SORT OF BUILDING SOCIETY

21/3/98





Hideo Shima

## Japan takes the train

**I**N the long process of Japan's postwar political, economic and psychological rehabilitation, 1964 was a turning point, not only the Tokyo Olympics mark a return to the family of nations, but the launch of the Shinkansen "bullet train" proclaimed the technical and administrative prowess that was to underpin decades of growth and provide a foundation for growing national self-confidence.

But while Japan's Olympic medal winners became instant heroes, the engineer who did more than anyone to ensure the success of the Shinkansen (literally "new trunk line") project was in disgrace. Hideo Shima, who has died in Tokyo at the age of 96, was head of the Japan National Railways (JNR) design team working on the Shinkansen, but a year before its completion he was forced to step down to take responsibility for cost overruns for the Shinkansen network.

The line, consisting of 5,000-foot-long welded pieces of steel on a raised concrete, largely curveless track, marked a breakthrough in passenger train technology similar to the conversion of the airline industry to jets. The trains themselves were driven by electric motors in the individual rail cars, rather than by an engine in the front. In addition to its innovative propulsion system, the bullet train also introduced features like air suspension and air-conditioning. Shima designed the sleek, cone-shaped front from which the bullet train got its name. Despite teething troubles, such as exploding toilets as a result of the change in pressure as the train flew through tunnels, services on the new line were the first in the world to average over 100 miles per hour, when operations began on October 1, 1964.

**B**Y then, however, Shima had left his post to take the blame for the higher-than-expected cost of the first line, which needed 3,000 bridges and 87 tunnels to allow for its straight track path. He was not to receive international recognition for his achievements until 1989, when he became the first non-Westerner to receive the James Watt mechanical engineering award.

They've got there... An early version of Shima's revolutionary "bullet train" (above) prepares to leave Tokyo's Shinjuku station on its 100mph journey to Osaka. Shima himself poses (left) in front of the trains, named after their distinctive cone-shaped nose

MAIN PHOTO: DENIS THORPE



### Face to Faith

## Why the Vatican's new line won't wash

David Cesarani

**T**HE VATICAN'S statement on the Holocaust this week got a mixed reception amongst Jews, for good reason. The text reveals that Catholics are about to be indoctrinated with a gravely misleading version of anti-Semitism, the Holocaust and the conduct of the Catholic Church during the Nazi era. The report acknowledges the ill-treatment meted out to the Jewish people over the last 1,000 years, but exculpates the Church. Instead, the persecution is attributed to "certain interpretations of the New Testament."

Yet the New Testament itself reeks of anti-Jewish sentiment. In John 8:43-45, the Jews are identified as "children of the devil." The church fathers, no less, elaborated on this, dubbing them "Judaic serpents" while Augustine declared their ceremonies "both baneful and deadly to Christians."

True, the Second Vatican Council rejected such interpretations. This only makes it more regrettable that the report's authors depict anti-Judaism as somehow incidental to Christianity. They blame the systematic oppression of the Jews on "anti-Judaism in the next year, when the government in Tokyo is expected to decide whether to invest 8 trillion yen (\$63.3 billion) on a line for the Maglev, a train that floats on a magnetic cushion and is capable of speeds of over 300 mph."

His thoughts would have been of particular interest next year, when the government in Tokyo is expected to decide whether to invest 8 trillion yen (\$63.3 billion) on a line for the Maglev, a train that floats on a magnetic cushion and is capable of speeds of over 300 mph. Shima is survived by two sons and a daughter.

Jonathan Watts  
Hideo Shima, railway engineer, born May 20, 1901; died March 18, 1998

The displacement of responsibility culminates in the dissection of modern anti-Semitism. The document differentiates religious anti-Judaism from "sociological and political currents." Racism, in particular, contravened the Church's belief in the unity of mankind. In one controversial passage, the report distinguishes Nazi racial anti-Semitism from "the

long-standing sentiments of mistrust and hostility that we call anti-Judaism, of which, unfortunately, Christians also have been guilty." Does this mean that Christians combined both kinds of Jew-hatred? No, it implies that they had another form of hostility, but one that was comparatively innocuous. The exculpation of Christians is most remarkable when the document identifies Nazi policy towards the Jews as "the work of a thoroughly neopagan regime. Its anti-Semitism had roots outside of Christianity." Nevertheless, the document asks whether Christians *qua* Christians assisted the Nazis. Not unreasonably, it notes that individuals act from a variety of motives, under varying conditions.

The net effect of this, however, is to render judgment of Christians *qua* Christians impossible. Their potential responsibility is anyway reduced since the document revives the old chestnut that "many people were altogether unaware of the 'final solution'."

### A Country Diary

**MACHYNLETH:** A book I am glad to have seen recently is a study by Kate Holman of the artist and poet, Brenda Chamberlain, published last year by the University of Wales Press. It told me much that I didn't know about her rather bizarre life and writings. It was in the 1950s that I got to know Brenda, when she was living in Bardsey Island, North Wales, where I was involved in setting up a bird observatory. Bird-

watching our way round Bardsey we could always be sure of touching Brenda for a cup of coffee at the isolated house she occupied near the centre of the island, though we knew we would have to pay for it by having our legs pulled about the follies of bird-watching. Reading Kate Holman's penetrating critique, I now realise there were two very different Brenda Chamberlains. At a superficial level, she was ever-

cheerful; but her inward life was shadowed by torments. After her 15 Bardsey years, she tried a similar creative existence on a Greek island. But it was not a success and her life ended in tragedy. It is tempting to speculate that her later years and writings might have been far less anguished if she had opted to stay on Bardsey. "The home of my heart" as she put it, and as it is for so many.

WILLIAM CONDRY

### CORRECTIONS AND CLARIFICATIONS

**THE MONTHLY** gain/loss column for a married employed person which appeared on Page 17, March 18, in the Budget pullout was incorrect. It should have read:

£	0.97
5,000	-1.58
10,000	1.01
15,000	0.37
20,000	-1.11
25,000	-7.04
30,000	-8.83
40,000	8.88
50,000	5.19

**A REPORT** headed, Lobbyists keep on trucking, Page 21, March 17, referred to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. The society seeks to protect rather than prevent.

**OUR REVIEW** of the film *As Good as It Gets*, Page 6, Friday Review, March 13, suggested that Ullrich, the Jack Nicholson character, addresses remarks to a cat. It is a dog.

**It is the policy** of the *Guardian* to correct errors as soon as possible. Readers may contact the office of the *Reader's Editor*, Ian Mayes, by telephoning 0171 239 5588 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday.

### Death Notices

**BRIDGEMAN, Mary**, of 461 Woodstock Road, Dartington, died March 18, 1998, peacefully after a short illness, aged 75 years. Family flowers only. Donations to Woodstock Trust, Grantham.

**ODONNELL, Alice**, March 14th. Earth mother, soul sister and beloved daughter of Do and Paul, will be sorely missed by us all. Funeral at St. Francis de Sales Church, Kensington, on 23rd March at 10.30am, when all her friends will be welcome. Donations, instead of flowers please, to John Taylor Funeral Service, Kensington. Alice's ashes will be used to improve facilities for children of sick parents at the Wallgrave Hospital.

### In Memoriam

**COLE, Jenny**, died March 21st 1997, a dear friend sadly missed. Del, Stan, Maxine and Daniel.

**BAWES, George**, 6/6/21-15/12/97. Lovingly remembered by Jen on the anniversary of our marriage at All Saints Register Office, Manchester on 22nd March 1959. The best was yet to be.

**NEZ, Keith**, died March 22nd 1993. Still loved and missed by Gary, Robert and Andrew.

**TIM SHAW**, died 22.3.98. Remembered every day with love and sadness by his mother and Cindy.

### Memorial Services

**NEWINGHAM**. A memorial service for Bishop Leslie Newingham will be held at Southwark Cathedral on Saturday March 28th at 3pm. 0171 330 0000 or fax 0171 733 4129 between 9am and 5pm Mon-Fri.

### Tim Maia

## Hot tempo, hot temper

**F**OR more than three decades, the singer-songwriter Tim Maia, who has died of a heart attack aged 55, was a key influence on Brazilian pop music. He was the first Brazilian musician to mix American soul with samba. His pioneering style has influenced Brazilian musicians for more than 30 years, and earned him the title "petron of Brazilian pop".

He was equally famous for his wild temper — often refusing to turn up to his own gigs — and spats with record companies and show business personalities. His musical career started in Rio de Janeiro, where he played in several teenage bands, but his musical education was only completed when, at 16, he left Brazil for New York. There he was influenced by the sound from studios like Motown and Stax. In 1964, he was thrown out of the US for smoking marijuana, and back in Rio, found that his old friends were having their first successes — and were not interested in having him join them. Moving to Sao Paulo, he was eventually

signed by Philips, which released his debut album, *Tim Maia*, in 1970. From that year onwards, Maia recorded around an album a year, with soul ballads and, later, disco tunes — borrowing the production values of American black music while retaining an authentically Brazilian sound. His fame grew throughout the 1970s, with a brief interruption when he joined a religious sect. "Tim was the first artist to bring the sound of Brazilian music into popular Brazilian music, even before Gilberto Gil and Jorge Benjor," said the singer Lulu Santos. "He was the father of all the black artists who came afterwards."

**I**N the mid-1980s, Maia's career started to slide because of his temperamental behaviour. He would storm off the stage, cursing the sound engineers and the audience alike, and even failed to show up for gigs. On one occasion, a vast, baying audience erupted into a riot. Maia responded by claiming that in 1986 he performed 92 out of

100 shows, and that people only remembered the ones he missed. He loved to hate the media, and engaged in slanging matches with other musicians. "I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't snort drugs," he famously said. "My only vice is that I'm a little bit."

In the late 1980s, his career was in the doldrums but it was resurrected by young Brazilian bands which recorded his most famous songs. In the 1990s, claiming down, he recorded an album of bossa nova classics. Four years ago, Maia married his secretary, Adriana Silva. Last year, he announced his intention to run as a socialist for the Brazilian senate on a manifesto of helping blacks and children. Then, on Sunday, March 8, he walked off stage at a concert in Rio after singing the first lines of a song, saying he was unwell. He died a week later.

**Alax Bellis**  
Tim (Sebastiao Rodrigues) Maia, singer, born September 28, 1942; died March 15, 1998

### Weekend birthdays

**IT'S** never much fun to wake up and realise that you're 40, but Gary Oldman, for whom life "begins" this morning, may really have his best years ahead of him. After too long playing rather silly villains in the likes of *Lost in Space* and *The Fifth Element*, the south London boy has moved behind the camera and says he may never act again. *All by Mouth*, his directorial debut, won Kathy Burke the best actress award at Cannes last year, and the praise heaped upon the film suggests he's made the right choice.

And things are going well at home. For a while, it seemed Oldman might drink himself to death (just like his dad), but he's beaten the booze and picked up a new family along the way — with his third wife, the American model Donya Fiorentino, and their baby son, Gulliver.

Not bad going for a man who once said, "If I weren't an actor, I'd probably be a criminal."



**Today's other birthdays:** Marie-Christine Barrault, actress, 54; Peter Brook, theatrical producer, 73; Dr Clark Brundin, mechanical engineer, 67; Brian Clough, former football manager, 63; Ann Clwyd, Labour MP, 51; Janet Daley, journalist and broadcaster, 54; Michael Dibdin, crime writer, 51; Brian Dee, jazz pianist, 62; Iwan Evans, rugby player, 34; Hans-Dietrich Genscher, former German foreign minister, 71; Llin Golding, Labour MP, 65; Sir John Hall, former chairman, Newcastle United, 65; Michael Heseltine, MP, former Conservative minister, 65; Antony Hopkins, composer, conductor, broadcaster, 77; Alvin Kallikarayan, cricketer, 49; Ved Mehta, writer, 64; Sir Brian Shaw, banker, 66; Mike Westbrook, band leader, composer, 62; Prof Roger Williams, vice-chancellor, Reading University, 56.

**Tomorrow's birthdays:** Betty Callaway, ice-skating trainer, 70; Sheila Cameron, QC, vice-general of Canterbury, 64; Brian Hanrahan, broadcaster, 49; Minna Keal, composer, 65; Lord (Andrew) Lloyd-Webber, composer, 50; Peter McEvoy, golfer, 44; Marcel Marceau, mime artist, 75; Paul Schockemöhle, showjumper, 53; Stephen Sondheimer, composer and lyricist, 66; Prof Sir Colin Spedding, chairman, Farm Animal Welfare Council, 73.

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How often do you read the *Guardian*? Once a week ☐ Once a fortnight ☐

How often do you read the *Observer*? Less than once every 3 months ☐

How many copies of the Jackie Brown CD have you seen at an Odeon cinema? ☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8 ☐ 9 ☐ 10 ☐ 11 ☐ 12 ☐ 13 ☐ 14 ☐ 15 ☐ 16 ☐ 17 ☐ 18 ☐ 19 ☐ 20 ☐ 21 ☐ 22 ☐ 23 ☐ 24 ☐ 25 ☐ 26 ☐ 27 ☐ 28 ☐ 29 ☐ 30 ☐ 31 ☐ 32 ☐ 33 ☐ 34 ☐ 35 ☐ 36 ☐ 37 ☐ 38 ☐ 39 ☐ 40 ☐ 41 ☐ 42 ☐ 43 ☐ 44 ☐ 45 ☐ 46 ☐ 47 ☐ 48 ☐ 49 ☐ 50 ☐ 51 ☐ 52 ☐ 53 ☐ 54 ☐ 55 ☐ 56 ☐ 57 ☐ 58 ☐ 59 ☐ 60 ☐ 61 ☐ 62 ☐ 63 ☐ 64 ☐ 65 ☐ 66 ☐ 67 ☐ 68 ☐ 69 ☐ 70 ☐ 71 ☐ 72 ☐ 73 ☐ 74 ☐ 75 ☐ 76 ☐ 77 ☐ 78 ☐ 79 ☐ 80 ☐ 81 ☐ 82 ☐ 83 ☐ 84 ☐ 85 ☐ 86 ☐ 87 ☐ 88 ☐ 89 ☐ 90 ☐ 91 ☐ 92 ☐ 93 ☐ 94 ☐ 95 ☐ 96 ☐ 97 ☐ 98 ☐ 99 ☐ 100 ☐ 101 ☐ 102 ☐ 103 ☐ 104 ☐ 105 ☐ 106 ☐ 107 ☐ 108 ☐ 109 ☐ 110 ☐ 111 ☐ 112 ☐ 113 ☐ 114 ☐ 115 ☐ 116 ☐ 117 ☐ 118 ☐ 119 ☐ 120 ☐ 121 ☐ 122 ☐ 123 ☐ 124 ☐ 125 ☐ 126 ☐ 127 ☐ 128 ☐ 129 ☐ 130 ☐ 131 ☐ 132 ☐ 133 ☐ 134 ☐ 135 ☐ 136 ☐ 137 ☐ 138 ☐ 139 ☐ 140 ☐ 141 ☐ 142 ☐ 143 ☐ 144 ☐ 145 ☐ 146 ☐ 147 ☐ 148 ☐ 149 ☐ 150 ☐ 151 ☐ 152 ☐ 153 ☐ 154 ☐ 155 ☐ 156 ☐ 157 ☐ 158 ☐ 159 ☐ 160 ☐ 161 ☐ 162 ☐ 163 ☐ 164 ☐ 165 ☐ 166 ☐ 167 ☐ 168 ☐ 169 ☐ 170 ☐ 171 ☐ 172 ☐ 173 ☐ 174 ☐ 175 ☐ 176 ☐ 177 ☐ 178 ☐ 179 ☐ 180 ☐ 181 ☐ 182 ☐ 183 ☐ 184 ☐ 185 ☐ 186 ☐ 187 ☐ 188 ☐ 189 ☐ 190 ☐ 191 ☐ 192 ☐ 193 ☐ 194 ☐ 195 ☐ 196 ☐ 197 ☐ 198 ☐ 199 ☐ 200 ☐ 201 ☐ 202 ☐ 203 ☐ 204 ☐ 205 ☐ 206 ☐ 207 ☐ 208 ☐ 209 ☐ 210 ☐ 211 ☐ 212 ☐ 213 ☐ 214 ☐ 215 ☐ 216 ☐ 217 ☐ 218 ☐ 219 ☐ 220 ☐ 221 ☐ 222 ☐ 223 ☐ 224 ☐ 225 ☐ 226 ☐ 227 ☐ 228 ☐ 229 ☐ 230 ☐ 231 ☐ 232 ☐ 233 ☐ 234 ☐ 235 ☐ 236 ☐ 237 ☐ 238 ☐ 239 ☐ 240 ☐ 241 ☐ 242 ☐ 243 ☐ 244 ☐ 245 ☐ 246 ☐ 247 ☐ 248 ☐ 249 ☐ 250 ☐ 251 ☐ 252 ☐ 253 ☐ 254 ☐ 255 ☐ 256 ☐ 257 ☐ 258 ☐ 259 ☐ 260 ☐ 261 ☐ 262 ☐ 263 ☐ 264 ☐ 265 ☐ 266 ☐ 267 ☐ 268 ☐ 269 ☐ 270 ☐ 271 ☐ 272 ☐ 273 ☐ 274 ☐ 275 ☐ 276 ☐ 277 ☐ 278 ☐ 279 ☐ 280 ☐ 281 ☐ 282 ☐ 283 ☐ 284 ☐ 285 ☐ 286 ☐ 287 ☐ 288 ☐ 289 ☐ 290 ☐ 291 ☐ 292 ☐ 293 ☐ 294 ☐ 295 ☐ 296 ☐ 297 ☐ 298 ☐ 299 ☐ 300 ☐ 301 ☐ 302 ☐ 303 ☐ 304 ☐ 305 ☐ 306 ☐ 307 ☐ 308 ☐ 309 ☐ 310 ☐ 311 ☐ 312 ☐ 313 ☐ 314 ☐ 315 ☐ 316 ☐ 317 ☐ 318 ☐ 319 ☐ 320 ☐ 321 ☐ 322 ☐ 323 ☐ 324 ☐ 325 ☐ 326 ☐ 327 ☐ 328 ☐ 329 ☐ 330 ☐ 331 ☐ 332 ☐ 333 ☐ 334 ☐ 335 ☐ 336 ☐ 337 ☐ 338 ☐ 339 ☐ 340 ☐ 341 ☐ 342 ☐ 343 ☐ 344 ☐ 345 ☐ 346 ☐ 347 ☐ 348 ☐ 349 ☐ 350 ☐ 351 ☐ 352 ☐ 353 ☐ 354 ☐ 355 ☐ 356 ☐ 357 ☐ 358 ☐ 359 ☐ 360 ☐ 361 ☐ 362 ☐ 363 ☐ 364 ☐ 365 ☐ 366 ☐ 367 ☐ 368 ☐ 369 ☐ 370 ☐ 371 ☐ 372 ☐ 373 ☐ 374 ☐ 375 ☐ 376 ☐ 377 ☐ 378 ☐ 379 ☐ 380 ☐ 381 ☐ 382 ☐ 383 ☐ 384 ☐ 385 ☐ 386 ☐ 387 ☐ 388 ☐ 389 ☐ 390 ☐ 391 ☐ 392 ☐ 393 ☐ 394 ☐ 395 ☐ 396 ☐ 397 ☐ 398 ☐ 399 ☐ 400 ☐ 401 ☐ 402 ☐ 403 ☐ 404 ☐ 405 ☐ 406 ☐ 407 ☐ 408 ☐ 409 ☐ 410 ☐ 411 ☐ 412 ☐ 413 ☐ 414 ☐ 415 ☐ 416 ☐ 417 ☐ 418 ☐ 419 ☐ 420 ☐ 421 ☐ 422 ☐ 423 ☐ 424 ☐ 425 ☐ 426 ☐ 427 ☐ 428 ☐ 429 ☐ 430 ☐ 431 ☐ 432 ☐ 433 ☐ 434 ☐ 435 ☐ 436 ☐ 437 ☐ 438 ☐ 439 ☐ 440 ☐ 441 ☐ 442 ☐ 443 ☐ 444 ☐ 445 ☐ 446 ☐ 447 ☐ 448 ☐ 449 ☐ 450 ☐ 451 ☐ 452 ☐ 453 ☐ 454 ☐ 455 ☐ 456 ☐ 457 ☐ 458 ☐ 459 ☐ 460 ☐ 461 ☐ 462 ☐ 463 ☐ 464 ☐ 465 ☐ 466 ☐ 467 ☐ 468 ☐ 469 ☐ 470 ☐ 471 ☐ 472 ☐ 473 ☐ 474 ☐ 475 ☐ 476 ☐ 477 ☐ 478 ☐ 479 ☐ 480 ☐ 481 ☐ 482 ☐ 483 ☐ 484 ☐ 485 ☐ 486 ☐ 487 ☐ 488 ☐ 489 ☐ 490 ☐ 491 ☐ 492 ☐ 493 ☐ 494 ☐ 495 ☐ 496 ☐ 497 ☐ 498 ☐ 499 ☐ 500 ☐ 501 ☐ 502 ☐ 503 ☐ 504 ☐ 505 ☐ 506 ☐ 507 ☐ 508 ☐ 509 ☐ 510 ☐ 511 ☐ 512 ☐ 513 ☐ 514 ☐ 515 ☐ 516 ☐ 517 ☐ 518 ☐ 519 ☐ 520 ☐ 521 ☐ 522 ☐ 523







# Saturday opinion

1500

## TV is the perp

Mark Lawson



THE news that "television" had been voted the word that best represents the 20th century in a poll organised by Collins dictionaries was appropriately announced in the week of further claims about TV's effect on the population.

A university study of British dialects has found that regional accents and vocabularies are being preserved and even popularised by television soap operas. The linguist Professor Karin Wales of Leeds University suggests that while it was once believed by language-watchers that modern communications would result in a levelled-out universal British dialect — regional variations have been safeguarded by serial drama.

The theory goes that three-weekly doses of dialogue in broad Lancastrian (Coronation Street), Yorkshire (Emmerdale), Cockney (EastEnders) and Scouse (Brookside) encourage locals to remain true to their roots. This effect is supposedly achieved partly because the programmes offer an easy primer to the ancestral vocabulary and accent but also because the speaking of the dialect by famous characters confers glamour on styles of speech that might have been thought backward.

This vision of television as a guarantor of tribal values is appealing, but the relationship between TV and speech is surely much more complex and intriguing. "Television" has become a tongue of its own. The citizens of developed countries now frequently speak a hybrid dialect comprised of intonations, catchphrases and jargon ac-

Television soap, opera spreads dialects across a wider area

cumulated consciously or sub-consciously.

One widely-publicised example of this phenomenon is the tendency since the late 80s for young people in Britain to end their sentences on a rising intonation as if every phrase were a question, even when they're stating the obvious. This is an Antipodean tic which is generally believed to have been imported to Britain through the Australian soap operas Neighbours and Home And Away, in which every line of dialogue has an implied question mark.

THERE is admittedly a rival linguistic theory that this interrogative tendency in youthful speech is psychological — that a fretful generation is seeking validation and reassurance with everything they say — but the Ramsay Street explanation is more tempting.

And there is compelling further evidence that television soap opera — far from consolidating regional speech patterns within their original localities, as the experts suggested this week — in fact spreads the dialects thinly across a wider area. Since the late 1980s, there has been an unexpected encroachment of Cockney into the middle and upper classes.

In particular, the expressions "sorted" (resolved), "dodgy" (suspicious) and "out of order" (in the wrong) are now spoken by those of all backgrounds, the first of them having almost obliterated the more respectable usage "sorted out". This flattening-out of the British vernacular is entirely the achievement of the scriptwriters of East-

Enders, where dialogue revolves around such usages. In a grand shop in Holland Park recently, I heard cut-glass tones declare: "Splendid! That's sorted!" Who would have guessed that the Mitchell Brothers' manor would stretch so far.

But when the British are looking for new words, most of their shopping is inevitably done in malls of American talk. In large swathes of the middle classes, the traditional English expressions of incomprehension — first "pardon?" and then "sorry?" — have almost given way to the American "excuse me?", popularised through American movies and TV shows. In the same way, the popular American expression of incredulity or disagreement — the word "hello?" spoken in withering tones — is now commonly heard in British schools and offices, planted here through the sit-com Friends and the film and TV show Clueless, the script of which consisted almost entirely of American teenage neologisms.

Revealingly, Chris Evans and Zoe Ball — the current star performers in the only branch of the media consisting solely of speech — both essentially speak American vocabulary with a sub-Cockney English delivery. A classic Ball sentence runs: And I was, like, "Hello?" (The use of the word "like" to introduce reported speech is another Americanism eagerly copied here.)

BRITISH professors have also reportedly seen significant shifts in their job-related jargon. A source in the police force reports that British coppers "cope" as they increasingly prefer to use the word "perp" (an abbreviation of the word "perpetrator") for criminal, having picked up this noun from the numerous American police series on British TV.

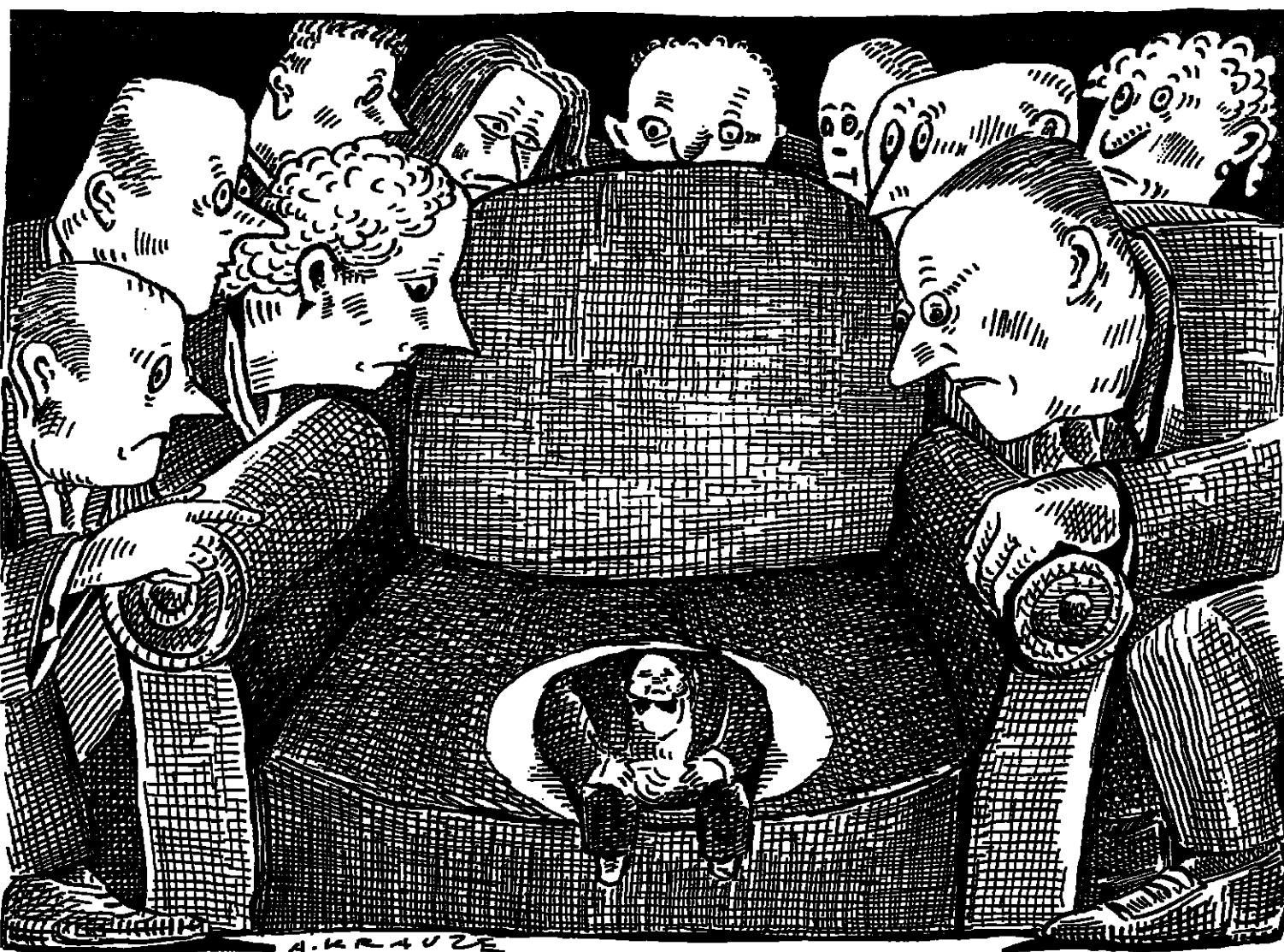
There is also evidence of hospitals in this country starting to use the word "gurney" for trolley, a translation which can clearly be blamed on the success of ER.

Most of these examples involve accidental or subliminal copying of television. But another way in which the medium infiltrates contemporary speech patterns is through deliberate imitation. How Andrew Davies, scriptwriter of the television series House Of Cards, must wish that he received a royalty every time his formula "You may think that, I couldn't possibly comment" is used in an office or pub or on the train.

Television, in this sense, operates as a kind of karaoke club, allowing performers in daily conversation to simulate irony or humour or surprise with a professional gloss. Significantly, the two most popular comedy shows on British television — Harry Enfield & Chums and The Fast Show — both feature English and Scottish accents and Charlie Higson — construct characters through catchphrases.

Viewers then repeat the gag lines in work and family situations. The Fast Show's "suits you, sir" has become the approved comment for anyone turning up in a new outfit; Enfield's "You don't want to do that" an ironic disclaimer before any piece of interventionist advice. Sit in a canteen or on a delayed train or stand at a party and this is the language you will hear: karaoke comedy from TV shows and Cockney adjectives and New York put-downs ringing out in the English and Scottish voices with perhaps an Australian lilt at the end of the sentence.

So — nice as it would be to think that Deirdre Barlow, Barry Grant, Peggy Mitchell and other soap icons were quietly working to preserve regional variety of speech — the truth is that, in the real Salford, Liverpool and London, you are increasingly likely to find locals speaking the mid-Atlantic, cross-Tasman, box-Cockney, telly-Scouse combination which makes up the cathode-ray patois that is becoming the true national tongue.



## Bonsai Bernard

Jaci Stephen



THURSDAY night on BBC1 was moving along just like any other Thursday night. EastEnders, a decent drama (Silent Witness), and the opening credits of the Manchester-based chat show, Mrs Merton. It was wind-down time, when we could be assured of some light-

hearted banter with Mrs Merton, the host (actress and comedian Caroline Aherne).

One foot in The Grave star Richard Wilson, had been booked to appear alongside Bernard Manning, and they like Bernard in the north. Maybe now the rest of us would get to see the real Bernard, because, after all, he couldn't really be as bad as the papers say, could he?

The first thing you notice about Bernard Manning is that his stomach enters a room a good five minutes before the rest of him. The next thing is the eyes, two slits gradually being devoured by the rising flesh of his cheeks. The overall impression is of a man in the process of eating himself whole. And that's before he opens his mouth. It's that essentially comic

appearance that once made what came out of Bernard's mouth acceptable. He made his name on the Comedians Club, the Wheelchairs and Shunters Club back in the early 70s. In the days when you could say pretty much what you liked about anyone. The only black faces TV audiences could instantly recall were Muhammad Ali and "that guy from Love Thy Neighbour". Bernard built much of his act around poking fun at blacks, and heck, he was a jolly fat comedian, so he couldn't really mean it. They specially liked Bernard Manning in rugby clubs, working men's clubs and police dinners; apparently, they still do. He also has his own club. According to Bernard, he is still very big.

Bonsai are those midjet Japanese trees. On Thursday

night an extraordinary event, more dramatic than any murder mystery, more breath-taking than any soap climax, occurred on the BBC, the bonsai-ing of Bernard Manning.

He began harmlessly enough — informing Wilson that he was a great fan. Details about Bernard's charity raising events received applause, as did his response to Mrs Merton's quip about the Embassy Club ("I laughed and laughed and laughed. It was the night it burnt down.") Bernard was growing bigger by the minute. "Ask me any time," he glowed.

And they do. Despite complaints from the general public (two waitresses once sued their employers for forcing them to have to listen to his act while serving tables), and a World in Action programme

It is rare to witness a TV guest in ego freefall, and Manning tried to claw his way back with even more racist jokes

exposing Manning's appalling racism, he still packs them in. But then on Thursday, exposing his routine on national TV rather than in the privacy of his own club among equally racist-minded mates, an almost tangible change came in the air. The slide from the role of

fat, jolly, northern comic to fat, ugly, racist, deplorable and deplorable bastard, was an interesting one; no, breathtaking, mesmerising rather than entertaining, and something which left viewers in shock after the event.

It was inevitably the issue of race that would set the ball rolling, but few can have been prepared for the "yes" answer that came in response to Mrs Merton's question: "You are racist, aren't you Bernard?"

Sensing a change in the audience's mood, Manning bolstered his claim that he makes fun of everyone with some old Irish and Scottish jokes. That brought temporary reprieve, though not from Wilson, frosty beside him.

Increasingly, Manning turned on the actor. He had begun the show with a crack about Wilson's age, a theme to which he returned when Wilson continued to sit, unmoved, throughout. "I don't know why you're being so nasty to me," said Wilson, incredulous. "I haven't said anything."

The audience, uneasy and confused, uttering shocked cries of "ooh," began to applaud Manning less loudly, but the man went on with his astonishing verbal battering. Wilson would have to work until he was 150, he said, while he, Bernard, could sit back happily because he was so filthy stinking rich with shares in Bird's Eye, British Telecom and Sainsbury's. You could not but wonder whether homophobia was the real reason for the attack.

"You don't look out of place there," he said, when Wilson sat among the women in the audience.

Manning's ego had been dented by Wilson's "Bernard Who?" at the start of the show. It is rare to witness a TV guest in ego freefall, and as Manning tried to claw his way back with even more racist jokes (confessing that he would never pick up a black person in his Rolls), and constant references to his enormous earnings, you could sense not only the audience's disbelief, but something akin to grief. They were witnessing the shrinking of what, to them, had been a great northern idol. And it was incredible TV. Even the unshockable Mrs Merton was shocked: "Bernard," she asked, "who do you vote for now that Hitler's dead?"

The tide had turned, and now, every Manning comment was greeted with virtual silence ("There were no Paks at Dunkirk," he said, with a smirk of his lips).

It was a rare TV sight: a man who ate himself away before a studio audience. They're repeating it tonight.

Jaci Stephen is a television critic on the Daily Mail. Catherine Bennett is away

## Hague's half-life

Matthew Engel



I AM sorry to interrupt if you are already making preparations: lighting beams, contacting your nearest used-car dealers to find bunting, trying to sort out who stored the street-party trestle tables after the Jubilee. But it is possible that some people in remote parts of the kingdom have not heard the great tidings: next Thursday, March 26, is William Hague's 37th birthday. Indeed, it is a double celebration: only three days after that, John Major will be 55. (Aries: sign of the ram, apparently).

In any normal, traditional, hierarchical organisations, like the Conservative Party, you would expect the 55-year-old to be the boss, and the 37-year-old perhaps his heir-presumptive. As we know, this is no longer the case. Mr Major is now free to potter about and make a little dosh, while his son — another Arian by the sound of it — acquires a different form of celebrity.

It is not easy to be an ex-PM: ask Edward Heath, and he was older than John Major, if less serene, when he was turfed out. There are few precedents for any political leaders carving out new careers of any distinction since ex-president Taft became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

And, seriously, 55 is no age

to be heading downwards. It ought to be the height of a man's intellectual powers, when the accumulation of wisdom and experience has not yet been endangered by loss of vigour. This is something that ought to be especially appreciated by the Conservative Party, whose whole history has been based on learning from its mistakes. And it is true more than ever these days, when people are fitter, healthier and living longer, and the traditional three-score-and-10 has now more often become four score or more.

Yet, while the population ages, its masters get younger. Tony Blair is 44. So the two main party leaders combined ages do not add up to that of Gladstone when he formed his fourth administration. Until Harold Wilson (who was 48 in 1964) no prime minister this century had been younger than 53.

IN THE late 1960s the world was entirely run by old men: Eisenhower, Macmillan, Krushchev, De Gaulle, Adenauer. It was only when Kennedy came along and created the illusion that telegraphic good looks had something to do with good governance that the fashion began to change.

For a period, people really did believe that striking-looking politicians — Pierre Trudeau, mayor Lindsay of New York, even David Owen, heaven help us — really would make better rulers than ugly ones. There is, of course, no logic to this whatever.

Mr Hague is not exactly hip or handsome (at the last Conservative conference, I think he came quite close to making pre-marital sex uncool, as well as baseball caps), so the politics-as-beauty-contest theory cannot be the entire explanation. But since, like

most young politicians of all parties, he has done damn-all with his life except be a politician, he is a pretty fair example of this dangerous phenomenon.

And the problem is most dangerous for Mr Hague himself. Theoretically, he could be leader of the Conservative Party for the next half century. (Theoretically, I said: there's no need to react like that.) You might think the very idea intolerable. But it is a great deal less intolerable to most of us than it must be to, for instance, Michael Portillo (44), John Redwood (46), Francis Maude (44), Iain Duncan-Smith (43), and others of their Tory generation. They did not come into politics to renounce ambition.

I suspect Mr Hague was aware of this himself, which

He came close to making pre-marital sex uncool, as well as baseball caps

is why he flirted with the idea of standing down last year to let Michael Howard take over. He would have been secure in the knowledge that the British public would be more likely to vote for Lord Sutcliffe than for a party led by someone quite so blatantly slimy as Mr Howard, and therefore the leadership would probably have been his in five or six years time.

But in politics, time and chance are everything: moments have to be seized; and he seized his. It is obviously possible that Mr Hague could become prime minister, perhaps before his 41st birthday. It is also possible that if the opinion polls, which still rank

him about as popular as migraine, don't improve soon, he could be quietly ditched before he is 40.

And what then does someone whose entire life has been devoted to rising up the political ladder do with the second half of his earthly existence? Happy birthday, William! Happy birthday.

THE Times, in its front page coverage of the asteroid which may or may not hit the earth in 2028, used the words "dramatic", "Armageddon" and "Apocalypse" in the first paragraph. The piece was only 10 paragraphs long (pretty meaty for the modern Times) but also mentioned "catastrophic", "cosmic winter", and "most certainly wipe out all the coastal regions".

In the fifth paragraph, it does say that the chance of a collision is small. It does not quote the figures mentioned elsewhere which said just how small. Most scientists spoke of one 1,000 to one or more higher, i.e. there is virtually no chance at all of it hitting Earth.

Was the Times (a) grave while others were complacent, (b) hysterically alarmist and irresponsible, or (c) anticipating the fact that Rupert has almost certainly bought the pay-per-view rights to Armageddon and is anxious to hype up interest from an early stage?

THANKS to all those readers who wrote in with ingenious methods for taping 75-minute omnibus editions of The Archers; Auto reverse decks; recordable mini-discs; separate machines; using the video... but it's now three weeks two days, 18 hours 46 minutes and 37 seconds since I heard an episode of The Archers. And Ambridge does not even cross my mind. Not at all.

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Chancellor will press EU to act on social fall-out of financial crisis

## Brown calls for aid to Asia

Mark Atkinson  
Economics Correspondent

**G**ORDON BROWN will step up the Government's efforts to help bail out crisis-hit Asia at the key meeting of European Union finance ministers in York this weekend.

The Chancellor will urge fellow finance ministers to set up a network of experts to help Asian countries restructure their financial systems.

He will also press other countries to follow Britain's example by pledging cash to establish an Asia trust fund to examine ways of coping with the social fall-out of financial restructuring.

With thousands of Asian workers thrown out of jobs and facing poverty in the wake of the region's crisis, Mr Brown and Clare Short, the International Development Secretary, have committed £5 million to the World Bank-managed fund.

"I think it's very important that we play our part in getting this off the ground, and it's very important that other countries contribute," Mr Brown said yesterday.

The Chancellor said his proposal for a Europe-Asia centre would bring together technical experts, including

lawyers, accountants and government officials, to provide the know-how to implement International Monetary Fund-recommended reforms in Thailand, Indonesia and South Korea.

"It's a British proposal that we will be putting forward this weekend," said Mr Brown, who is planning to visit Asia as emissary of the Group of Seven, which Britain is chairing this year.

The initiative — which was welcomed by the International Labour Organisation — mirrors a scheme set up by the Bank for International Settlements in Basel to offer advice and guidance on improving banking supervision and regulation in the region.

Although a global financial meltdown may have been avoided in the short-run, leading industrial nations recognise that the roots of the crisis in Asia run deep and will take many years to unravel.

Discussion of ways in which to restructure both the Asian economies and the international financial system — including the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank — is also expected to dominate the agenda at May's G7 meeting in Birmingham.

Asia and the lessons to be learnt will also be the main talking point at the forthcoming

spring meeting of the IMF in Washington.

Formally, the question of which countries will qualify for economic and monetary union (EMU) is not on the agenda of the York meeting. Nor is the unresolved issue of who should head the European Central Bank.

France has proposed Jean Claude Trichet, its central bank governor, while Germany is backing Wim Duisenberg, head of the forerunner of the ECB — the European Monetary Institute.

But with the European Commission and the EMU due to deliver their convergence reports on which countries make the grade for EMU on March 25, observers expect both issues to be discussed at some point during the weekend on the sidelines.

Other issues on the formal agenda include the impact of the euro on the financial services industry and reform of Europe's capital, product and labour markets.

"What we want to see happen is that Britain gets the best benefit out of the euro. It is all about getting our national interest advanced," Mr Brown said.

"We also believe that there should be more competition in the utilities, telecommunications and in financial services markets," he added.



Pounding away: Ian Dods, of Alarwick, shows his feelings over single currency outside the Assembly Rooms, York, where EU ministers meet this weekend. PHOTOGRAPH: LYNN SLACKY

## Saturday Notebook

## Auntie crosses the rubicon



Alex Brummer

**T**HE decision by the BBC to sign a \$855 million (£338 million) commercial agreement with the Discovery Channel — which is wired into John Malone's TCI cable empire — is a defining moment for Britain's flagship broadcaster.

Selling the odd television series overseas and spin-off videos and consumer magazines is one thing; getting into the mainstream of the rapidly growing US cable system is quite another. The presence that the BBC is simply a public service broadcaster, untainted by the multi-billion dollar world of global commercial television, is now challenged.

In signing a deal on this scale, granting Discovery a high degree of access to archives and joint production, Auntie Beek has crossed the rubicon. The deal raises a series of unanswered commercial questions. How is it possible to place a true value on what the BBC is selling to Discovery when there is no means of crystallising the value of the assets?

Is it sound corporate governance for a broadcaster — essentially financed by the taxpayer through a compulsory licence system — to be using those funds potentially to enrich American shareholders? By going ahead with this deal, does John Birt, the director general, risk diminishing the global value of an elite broadcasting brand?

If the BBC continues to pursue this commercialisation route, will it — beyond the year 2002 — any longer be able to justify a £1.95 billion levy on the taxpayer? Ever since John Birt began the business expansion of the BBC in the early 1990s, it has maintained the fiction that all of its business activities are fully transparent.

The Discovery deal demonstrates it is not. The economics and arithmetic, other than the headline price, is shrouded in mystery as is the business logic. A co-production with one big player endangers potential arrangements with others.

**S**URE, it will be great for Cool Britannia if it brings large dollars of American money to develop creatively. But the suspicion must be, given the prices being fetched by even minority cable channels in the US, that the BBC has locked itself into a near-exclusive arrangement. This runs counter to the current phenomena of non-exclusive deals being pursued, particularly in Hollywood studios.

In the market in secondary rights to movies, it is possible for almost any player, be they Carlton, BSkyB or Canal in France, to buy film or programme content. A closer look at the Discovery deal allows an insight into the problems of the chosen method of increasing the BBC's global presence. The BBC and Discovery will invest some \$175 million over the next four years in co-productions such as *Walking With Dinosaurs*. No doubt the BBC's production values will be increased.

But if this programming is to be used on US channels and

is intended for worldwide distribution, there must be a danger of brand dilution for the BBC. In the short-term, this may seem unimportant but if the special qualities of the brand are devalued, so is the licence-payer's investment over more than 50 years.

The most important element of the deal is no doubt the creation of a BBC America channel. For this, Discovery will gain the chance to go walkabout in the BBC archives, selecting whatever it wants for broadcast in the US. In that the BBC will own 50 per cent of the equity in the new channel, it may feel it has protected the licence-payer's interest. But has it? The value of the BBC archive is almost certainly in the billions, not the hundreds of millions.

Although the cables are already crisscrossed in the US with programming of all kinds, the challenge for John Hendricks, head of Discovery, in getting BBC America into millions of homes is less exacting than might be thought. Unlike the UK, cable television is the commercial television, not access to broadcasting in the US and Discovery, which is already part of the Malone/TCI complex, has enormous clout.

In the battle between the two American producers, such as TCI and Time Warner, BBC America will be a useful marketing tool. The Discovery deal may well be the best way to achieve this.

**H**OWEVER, because the BBC is not strictly a commercial organisation — looking at rates of return and discounted cash-flow projections — questions will remain as to whether it was the best way forward. Might it not have more directly carved out a deal with another US player in which its equity stake was higher?

Potentially, the Discovery link could be very valuable. The BBC stake in the Discovery Animal Planet (some 20 per cent) is already worth \$130 million.

So a new channel with rights to use BBC material in the US, could eventually turn out to be a very valuable property. This ought to be very attractive to the BBC because it will increase the market for the UK's creative output and for the BBC, since it will enhance its reputation as a commercial player.

Amid all this enterprise, a new means to be found, ensure that its ultimate owners — the Government and the licence holders — are properly rewarded.

The suggestion of mutualisation from the Institute for Public Policy Research is intriguing but because of its close links to Labour's favourite think-tank and because the transfer of some mutuals, such as the Halifax, into public limited companies, has allowed the remaining mutuals to dominate the market of that form of ownership.

What is clear, however, is that as the commercial side of the BBC builds up and it starts to create its own asset, equity and earnings-base, the rights to use the licence fee will come into focus.

To prepare itself for any changes, the BBC needs better corporate governance and transparency. Cross-subsidisation from the licence fee to new income producers, such as BBC America, needs to be measured, quantified and accounted for and public service broadcasting ring-fenced.

Only then can sensible decisions be taken about ownership, the protection of the brand, allocation of assets and whether the licence fee has had its day.

## News in brief

## Savoy soars on takeover talk

Shares in the Savoy group rose 17 per cent to 1,750p, forcing the luxury hotel company to admit it had received approaches that might lead to a takeover offer.

The share movement was triggered by a report that two US real estate investment trusts, Starwood Hotels & Resorts and Mediterra Corp, were squaring up for a £500 million battle over the Savoy which owns four London hotels — Claridge's, the Connaught, the Berkeley and the Savoy itself, acknowledged to be some of the finest hotels in the world.

## Boeing to axe 8,200

Aircraft-maker Boeing is to get rid of another 8,200 jobs over the next two years, on

top of the 12,000 already planned.

Yesterday's announcement follows a dismal 1997 for the world's biggest commercial aircraft manufacturer, in which Boeing posted its first annual loss in 50 years. That loss — and the resulting job cuts — stem from last year's merger with smaller rival, McDonnell Douglas.

## England bid boost

England's bid for the 2006 World Cup tournament gained a boost yesterday when five powerful corporate players agreed to contribute £1.25 million towards the cost of the campaign.

Leading the sponsors is British Airways, already one of the main Millennium Dome sponsors — followed by Marks and Spencer, Littlewoods and the Nationwide Building Society. Umbro, the sportsware maker, provides the line-up with an appropriate sporting touch.

## TOURIST RATES — BANK SELLS

Australia 2.448	Germany 2.9696	Malaysia 6.46	Singapore 2.61
Austria 20.86	Greece 527.80	Malta 0.54	South Africa 8.07
Belgium 61.10	Hong Kong 12.54	Netherlands 3.3313	Spain 250.15
Canada 2.30	India 55.91	New Zealand 2.88	Sweden 13.01
Cyprus 0.885	Ireland 1.1818	Norway 12.33	Switzerland 2.418
Denmark 11.57	Italy 5.98	Portugal 302.67	Turkey 380.440
Finland 9.078	Israel 2.938	Saudi Arabia 6.14	USA 1.8285
France 9.92			

Supplied by Reuters (excluding rupee, shekel and dollar)

## Murdoch Italian dream fades

John Hooper in Rome

**T**ALKS between Rupert Murdoch and Silvio Berlusconi that could have taken the Australian closer to world media mastery have collapsed.

"There were negotiations but they have been broken off," a spokeswoman for News International, the British arm of News Corporation, said last night. A source said Mr Murdoch offered the Italian media magnate 5.8 trillion lire (\$1.9 billion) for his 50.6 per cent controlling stake in the Mediaset TV empire. Mr Berlusconi wanted 7 trillion lire.

A successful bid would have given the Australian almost half of Italy's television output. The talks, only confirmed by Mr Berlusconi on Thursday, have caused political controversy.

The Italian left has been demanding Mr Berlusconi sell his media holdings ever since he entered politics. But it appeared only belatedly to wake up to the alternative threat posed by a global group with a hard-right philosophy and down-market inclinations.

According to the Milan daily, *Corriere della Sera*, the two men met last Monday at Mr Berlusconi's villa near Milan. It was there, the newspaper said, that the head of News Corporation made a "take it or leave it" offer and imposed yesterday's deadline.

His bid put a price of 10,000 lire a share up 1.4 per cent on the day, but dropping fast after the talks collapsed.

It left open the question of how Mr Murdoch proposed to get around regulations that ban non-EU citizens and firms from owning more than 25 per cent of an Italian television channel. One theory was that he would have made his purchase through BSkyB, which is British. Another that he would team up with German media tycoon Leo Kirch.

Mr Berlusconi, who was Italy's Prime Minister for seven months in 1994, leads Italy's right-wing opposition.

## Widdecombe attacks Roddick for using hemp, cousin of marijuana



This stuff ain't dope: Anita Roddick shrugged off criticism of the 'misunderstood cousin of marijuana'

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN ARGLES

## Body Shop high on cannabis controversy

An old staple has been rehabilitated in the pursuit of new products, says **Tony May**

**B**ODY Shop insisted it was not selling "dope-on-a-rop" after its launch of a range of skin products based on hemp oil ran into heavyweight criticism from former Home Office minister Ann Widdecombe yesterday.

The Conservative MP accused Body Shop founder Anita Roddick of "making a joke of drug-taking" as she handed out cannabis seeds at the product launch. She said Ms Roddick was being "wholly irresponsible" in introducing the Hemp range because they were produced from the Cannabis Sativa plant — a relative of marijuana.

The move was also criticised by the Parents Against Drugs group. Joan Keogh, its spokeswoman, said: "What they are doing is legal, but youngsters will put two and two together and come up with five."

But the fuss was a gift to Body Shop's PR department — the virtues of the "misunderstood cousin of marijuana".

Ms Roddick said hemp was one of the most environmentally friendly, easily grown and versatile natural products, but had been hit by a smear campaign to protect American cotton growers and by its association with the drugs culture. The plant contains only a

fraction of THC, the psychoactive ingredient in marijuana, and is not a pot plant as it grows 15 foot high. You would need to smoke a joint the size of a telegraph pole to get high.

Although its growth in the UK was compulsory under George III — Nelson's navy used its fibres to make rope — industrial hemp from Cannabis Sativa seeds can now only be cultivated under Home Office licence owing to the cannabis ban.

Like any retailer, Body Shop needs to introduce new products to keep sales moving — the group's worldwide sales were down 1 per cent in the first half of this year once new store openings and expansion were stripped out of the calculation. It had a poor Christmas following aggressive competition in the US and economic turmoil in Asia and analysts have cut their profit forecasts for the current year.

Hemp is stuffed full of essential fatty acids and between 1000 BC and late last century it was used around the globe for paper (the American Declaration of Independence was written on it), textiles (Rembrandt and Van Gogh painted on its), medicines and paint.

Now it will appear in Body Shop in packs coloured oatmeal and brown with a cannabis leaf imprint.

Every week the hemp oil trucks will roll in from farms on the Continent to the group's factory in Littlehampton, Sussex, for processing alongside other exotic raw materials such as bananas into ranges of

soaps, hand protectors and lip conditioners.

Ms Roddick said she would not encourage anyone to break the law, and had to use imitation plants at the launch to avoid being arrested with a real one.

In a reply to Miss Widdecombe, the Body Shop founder said: "With all the current problems our farmers face, I'd expect political leaders like you to support hemp growing."

"Do you honestly believe the sight of a hemp plant will drive Britain's youth to drugs? If so, no doubt you will urge the British Legion to drop their Poppy Day appeal in case everyone starts taking opium."

She urged the former Tory minister to smear her face with the new hemp cream which was ideal for "older skin like ours".

The cash-rich Halifax is prepared to pay £700 million for Midlands, but is prevented from entering formal negotiations by an earlier agreement with the Royal Bank, accepting an offer of £630 million.

A Halifax spokesman said: "Halifax believes that its offer is in the best interests of Birmingham Midlands members, and we wish to make progress as quickly as possible. We therefore urge the Royal Bank of Scotland to permit the board of the society to enter into discussions as soon as possible."

Nearly 30,000 Halifax employees will receive bumper pay-packets this month, boosted by a tax-free bonus based on 8.75 per cent of salary, making an average award of £800.

Mr Blackburn's £308,479 bonus is in addition to this annual bonus, and reflects the successful completion of the flotation and other restructuring within the business.

The Halifax emphasised its ambitions to expand further yesterday when it urged the Royal Bank of Scotland, which is poised to swallow Birmingham Midlands, the fifth-largest of the nation's remaining building societies,

to allow it to make a counter-offer.

Blackburn: £308,479 bonus

## Stock market has a stimulating effect on bonuses, writes Teresa Hunter

**T**HE stock market flotation of two of Britain's biggest building societies was accompanied by a sharp rise in the earnings of their bosses, it emerged yesterday.

Compared to his pre-flotation salary, the pay-packet of the Halifax's chief executive, Mike Blackburn, will have nearly doubled to £823,930

this month, when he receives a one-off bonus of £308,479. This relates to his performance over a two-year period during the run-up to and fall-out from the former society's conversion to a bank. During 1996 he earned £430,000.

The Woolwich's chief executive had a more modest rise of about £100,000 in his salary. John Stewart earned £261,000 in the year before conversion, although he was not in his post for a full 12 months. During 1997, his earnings increased to £330,000. However, Mr Stewart could benefit even further from a share-option scheme which is to be proposed to shareholders at

the company's annual meeting next month.

Share options granted by Lloyds Bank to the former Cheltenham & Gloucester chief executive, Andrew Longhurst, on the bank's takeover of the society are now worth £2 million, and Alliance & Leicester boss Peter White is sitting on options worth more than £300,000.

The Halifax has no plans to introduce a share-option scheme at present, and defended the increase in Mr Blackburn's earnings by emphasising that Halifax remuneration is based on the middle range of earnings elsewhere in the market.



# FinanceGuardian



## Chips off the old film stock

There's a new god in cinema's machine, but the devil is in the digital detail, says CHRIS BARRIE

**A**S A WHIZZ around film history it was impressive. James Bond, Gandhi, Chariots of Fire, Sid James in various guises, The Longest Day, Lawrence of Arabia, Kenneth Branagh's Henry V, and little Oliver, asking for more. They all passed before our eyes.

It was, the man from British Telecommunications said, a visual résumé of 100 years of British cinema. The technology could mark the begin-

ning of the next century. But that was up to us. Warning to his theme, Rupert Gavin, managing director of BT's consumer division, promised that the "extraordinary capability" of the latest digital technology could transform the film industry.

Mr Gavin's audience last Thursday evening may have been seated in Virgin's Haymarket cinema in central London, but they were hardly run-of-the-mill film-goers. Sceptical industry executives and a sprinkling of jour-

nists from the technical press, they had heard it all before. But the new age may be coming. BT's vision of tomorrow's cinema is uncannily similar to another, expressed on the other side of Europe earlier in the week. Speaking at the famous Babelsberg studios in Berlin, producer Wieland Schulz-Keil described a world in which rural communities and run-down towns could enjoy the latest films at the push of a button.

The "cyber cinema" was no longer a dream, he said. By

the year 2000, there would be 200 auditoria across Europe showing films, holding conferences and providing educational services. Backing his project are the French aerospace group, Aérospatiale, Pathé Cinéma, computer firm Hewlett Packard, Deutsche Telekom, the European Commission, and the British special-effects firm, the Computer Film Company. The support for BT's technology is similarly heavy-weight. Mr Gavin cited BT's development partners as the Virgin Group's cinema division, the film division of Polygram, Carlton, French television broadcaster Canal Plus, film distributor UIP,

Channel 4's post-production house, 124 Facilities, Bafra and the British Film Institute. Companies with hefty development budgets are needed because the technical problems are formidable. Manipulating the medium's range of colours and tones with computer technology requires a huge investment in specialist equipment. But the potential gains from digital technology are enormous. Film is already scanned and converted into digital data for use by specialist companies, most of which are based in London's Soho or on the west coast of the United States. Today, the data is reconverted to film, producing a master from which copies are made and then distributed to cinemas — the "cause to trans" process that has crippled the economics of cinema distribution since film began.

If the final work can be transmitted as digital data, the distribution system will be transformed. Data could be sent via satellite or fibre-optic cable to as many cinemas as wanted the film.

No longer would the regions have to wait their turn for the precious print. No longer would the cinema manager have to turn people away. Faced with high demand, he would simply show the film on more than one screen at the drag of an icon across his computer desk-top. Cinemas could, according to time of day, vary programmes, and advertisements and trail different films. They could even show television-originated material.

To prevent piracy, the data would be encrypted until it entered the projector. Fraud would be guarded against by storing data in the venue's file server, and would include a "time-bomb" designed to delete it when the contracted exhibition period had ended.

BT also believes it is possible to detect how many video streams the cinema is using via its file server, thereby ensuring the distributor knows how often the product is being shown. BT, the distributor of the data, along with the film distributor, would also hold physical keys to stop unauthorised showings.

Over in the Babelsberg studios, Herr Schulz-Keil en- thuses in French, English and German about the possibilities of Europe's new satellite-supplied auditoria. Owned jointly by local authorities and non-profit-making organisations, the auditoria would seat 150 people who, as members, would have access to films beamed down and stored overnight.

Eventually, Herr Schulz-Keil wants to offer franchises to further boost the network. European Commission funds will help the process along because many of the auditoria will also be used for education, and located in run-down regions. To be viable, the central organisation required to run the network needs \$40 million, to be provided by shareholders drawn in part from the development partners.

He says the file servers in his cinemas will hold seven films, one being deleted each time a new arrival is stored. Downloading will take seven hours. The resolution of the final image will be twice as

good as that of high-definition television, he says. The small size of the auditorium makes high-quality images easier to achieve. The films are important for revenue-raising, but the buildings would also house interactive facilities and multimedia, pan-national conference services. Local anti-whaling groups, he says, will be able to hold meetings with other groups without needing to travel. "Most people who talk about new media think of single users, individuals sitting in front of their personal

vice-president at Warner Brothers responsible for European distribution, agreed that the technology would cut costs — a two-hour print costs about £1,000 — and do away with the degradation of prints as they run through a venue's projectors. But he added: "One of the dynamics of the film business is the experience — a big auditorium and a big screen with sound systems." Running digital films in small halls may not motivate either the industry or film-goers as much. Herr Schulz-Keil argues

Mr Gavin defended the display by arguing that another year was needed before the final standards could be reached. Market research showed that the public were happy with the results. In any case, he added, BT's aim for the moment is simply to start a debate within the feature film business about the potential of the technology. Without wholesale adoption, the technology will not achieve the economies of scale needed to reduce the cost of the highly sophisticated projection equipment. The film executives present were circumspect. Although some clearly doubted the quality of the film on screen would ever be as good, others thought it had potential.

Peter Buckingham, managing director of Oasis Cinemas, said he had seen the technology producing better results in trials at Virgin's cinema in Basing, in west London. Another executive pointed out that film directors, producers and cameramen would have to be willing to accept the technology if it was to be used.

The most astonishing reaction came from the chairman of broadcast equipment maker Snell & Wilcock, who disowned the event as "junk", despite the fact it had been set up with the help of his own staff — an indication, if ever there was one, of the fragility of the technology and the quality of its results.

The final applause, then, must be reserved for that older still at work on the sets after all these years — 35mm film has a lot going for it.

Illustration by Roger Tooth

**Companies with huge development budgets are needed because the technical problems are formidable**

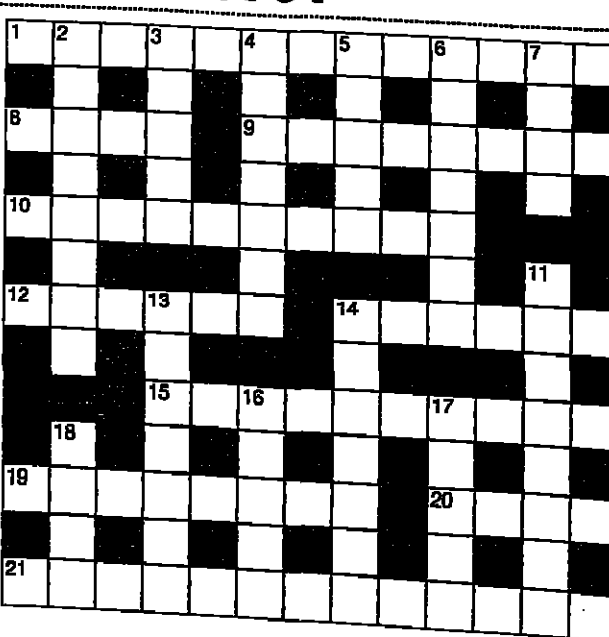
computers and televisions, one person communicating with many others. But it is very important to create a structure for entertainment, for learning, for political debate, for groups," he said. The Babelsberg consortium is talking to various British firms about participation, he adds. The group is planning to be in operation within a year and a half. There is, however, a problem. Put a digital display across a cinema screen and the "film" disintegrates into the pixels and lines that make up the picture. The Babelsberg team have sidestepped the problem by opting for small cinemas and small screens. BT is trying to solve the problem head-on. Xavier Marchand, senior

that his idea is aimed at people who have no local cinema to go to — and certainly not one of the kind that Monsieur Marchand has in mind. But BT and Virgin are attempting to use the technology in large cinemas. As a display of nascent technology, last Thursday's exhibition of digital clips from four feature films was impressive. Placed against the best that London's West End can offer, it was not up to the job. Shots from Circle of Friends appeared soft and unfocused. Horse-racing in wide screen suffered from drag and flutter at the margins of the main images. At times some detail also seemed to be lost, although it was beautifully distinct at others.

### Quick Crossword No. 8701

**COMPLICATED**  
M D A C R M L  
A C E T Y L E N E D O E  
O M B U A N A L Y S T  
C A N P E S T  
G U R A T E S P E C I E  
I R A R E  
R O I S T E R O A N A  
C C O M V R  
L E A W H A L E B O N E  
E E D O R N A  
R E E D W A R L E R

Solution No. 8700



#### Across

- 1 Old fogey (5-2-3-3)
- 8 Threesome (4)
- 9 Supplier (8)
- 10 Dabblers in fine art (10)
- 12 Entertainment with clowns (6)
- 14 Flock of geese (6)
- 15 Bizarre (10)
- 19 Ribbed worsted fabric (8)
- 20 Discharge (4)
- 21 Rodent kept as a pet (5,7)

#### Down

- 2 Excellent — awe-inspiring (8)
- 3,13 Cut short (5-7)
- 4 Momentum — incentive (7)
- 5 Italian city, car-manufacturing centre (6)
- 6,17 Clothing for social function (7,5)
- 7 In place names, situated on (4)
- 11 Pimento (8)
- 13 See 3
- 14 Parent's father (7)
- 16 Scottish golfing venue (5)
- 17 See 6
- 18 US state (4)

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Heseltine at sixty five 15 • Discovering DiCaprio hysteria 17 • Confessions of a mercy killer 17

The Guardian

# the week

Saturday March 21 1998

Everybody's doing it — even if it ends in tears and alimony. What gives Gordon Brown, Melinda Messenger and Posh Spice such faith in an institution that promises happiness but often delivers misery? **Sean French** marshals the arguments for marriage

## Icing on the cake?

ON JULY 1838, Charles Darwin was 29 and at a crossroads. He was attracted to his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, but should he marry her? He did what young men reputedly still do when faced with an emotional crisis: he drew up a list. In fact, he drew up two lists in parallel columns. One was headed "Not Marry". He began with "Freedom to go where one liked". Then there were the benefits of conversation in gentlemen's clubs. He wouldn't be forced to visit relatives and have all the expense and anxiety of children. And "perhaps quarrelling", he added apprehensively. The next problem with marriage was underlined twice: "Loss of time".

This was always the argument of Lord Goodman, the legendary solicitor and political fixer to the Wilson government. Being unmarried and childless, he said, was like gaining a whole extra day every week over his married colleagues. Or was it a whole extra day every day? During half term holidays it sometimes feels like it. Darwin worried about not having time to read in the evenings, and the worry and the responsibility, not enough money to buy books and if there were very many children, then he would have to work hard to feed them and "it is very bad for one's health to work too much".

The other column was headed "Marry", and the first entries were written with all the brisk matter-of-factness of a man who had been devoting much of his recent energies to the breeding of domestic animals. "Children (if it Please God)" and then "Constant companion". He obviously needed to imagine what this would amount to because he added a series of explanatory clauses: "a friend in old age who will feel interested in one, object to be beloved and played with. Better than a dog anyhow." He added that it would mean having somebody to look after the

house, and there would be "the charms of music and female chit-chat" and it would probably be good for his health — Darwin always worried about his health — and yet, he worried, a "terrible loss of time".

But then he gave in. He stopped writing a list and wrote what was almost a poem on the abjectness of a bachelor life: "My God, it is intolerable to think of spending one's whole working life, like a neuter bee, working, working, and nothing after all. — No, no won't do. — Imagine living all one's day solitary in smoky dirty London House."

That was it. He carried on in this vein until the "Marry" column was safely longer than the "Not Marry" column and then wrote across the bottom: "Marry — Marry — Marry QED." Obviously there would be things to give up. He lamented them in what sounds rather like a Victorian version of an article for FHM on what blokes miss out on by getting married: "I never should know French — or see the Continent — or go to America, or go up in a Balloon."

But what the hell? Charles and Emma were married the following year. It is not recorded whether he ever showed her his list.

Is that the sort of calculation we have all made, we who have filled out all the forms and paid the money and signed ourselves up to some sort of promise in a synagogue, church, mosque, or in any case, in Hackney Town Hall? I remember the actual moment in October 1980. I didn't think I was nervous but when it came to signing my name, my hand couldn't form the letters and I drew a wavy line on the form, like a toddler pretending to write. When it was done, the registrar said warmly to the woman sitting beside me: "May I be the first to congratulate you, Mrs French?" And there was actually hissing from the **page 14**



PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL MEAD

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AIR NEW ZEALAND







Michael Heseltine is 65 today. He's immensely rich, a former deputy prime minister and grandfather to a Heselteenie. But is he happy?

# Lion king grazes in the shade



INTERVIEW BY  
SABINE JONES

**H**OW MANY of us can hope to reach the age of 65, as Michael Heseltine has today, with so much to celebrate? His personal fortune is enormous. Haymarket Publishing, which he started from scratch in 1969 and which is to mark its 40th anniversary in May with a do at the Savoy, is worth £150 million. He has two homes: an expensive Georgian townhouse in Belgravia and a Palladian mansion in Northamptonshire in which he is said to live like a Renaissance prince.

He has been married for 36 years. He has three tall, graceful children. A first grandchild last summer. A wedding ("Do you know Annabel?" he asked me. "Everyone knows Annabel.") this autumn. A keen gardener, he has 25 acres at Thetford to play with. He has an arboretum to build, an autobiography to write. He has his own teeth. All this, but two days ago he was not to be found in celebratory mood. "It's not my birthday today. It's a long time off," he said lugubriously. "You wait till you get there, see what you think about it."

It was a bright spring morning, but very little light seemed to penetrate his tall London house. Norman Tebbit, who once said Heseltine was "tasteless, tacky, if not dishonourable, self-centred beyond even the call of his profession" was walking his dogs along the street as Heseltine opened his front door. Tebbit was wearing old trousers and an anorak. Heseltine, in immaculate pinstripe suit, white shirt, dark tie. There was no greeting.

As we climbed the dark stairs to the gloomy net-curtained drawing room, I said, "You look very smart." He was still silent. Eventually, as we entered the room, he said, "When you're used to wearing a suit and tie... well, if not a suit and tie, what then?"

The question hung in the air throughout the interview. It's almost a year since the election and the angina attack that killed Heseltine's last hope of being leader of the Conservative Party (and, after a period in opposition, perhaps finally the country), and you might expect him to have shrugged it all off, to be counting his blessings, to have settled into the twinkly role of the political outsider: jocular, a little indis-

creet, anoraked perhaps, to have established the air of a man who no longer gives a damn. But give a damn he clearly does.

To be prime minister was the one thing, friends and enemies agree, he has always wanted — ever since the famous envelope incident at Oxford (which he says he "doesn't believe") when jolting down his ambitions for each decade, he wrote "Downing Street" against the nineties. For many years, he has been defined by this ambition, and without it, what is he? What then?

He seems to have aged, his hair is grey and spindly now, his eyes are milky, as if beginning to fade away. His face, more lined than a year ago, seems etched with disappointment. In your ears, you can still hear his voice lambasting John Humphrys on the Today programme, but now it was low and quiet. Hezza, Prezzy, Big H, Tarzan, the lion of the Tory party: the nicknames don't fit any more.

Alan Clark, in his diaries, wrote about catching sight of him on the stairs after the second leadership ballot in 1990 in which Heseltine lost to Major, and described him as "a zombie, shattered" and quoted Emily Dickinson: "A Great Hope fell/You heard no noise/The Ruin was Within." And it wasn't over then, as it must seem to Heseltine now, out of touch and out of spirits with Hague's party. Small talk does not come easy to the former deputy prime minister (Julian Critchley, his friend and biographer, says Heseltine has always been "cagey, even with his friends", but that he has become "more guarded over the years"). He would talk about his trees, which will reach maturity in 100 years' time, but not about why he plants them: "Well, this is one of those questions about, you know, post hoc rationalisation."

It was when he started talking about the things that he doesn't regret that he was most revealing. For much of the conversation, his left hand was placed firmly in his inner right-hand breast pocket, his arm creating a barrier across his heart. It emerged briefly early on holding a pen which he used to represent a tree growing. But only towards the end of the interview did the hand come out to join the conversation. He used it to emphasise how he did not regret walking out of Cabinet over the Westland affair (he denies "storming" or "stalking"; in Thatcher's autobiography she writes that he "bounced"). "I was very sad I had to do it, but I had to do it. It took four years to find a useful purpose in life. It wasn't satisfying at all. A terrible waste of four years."

He doesn't "regret" not getting the top job either. "Well, it would have been nice to have done it. But I didn't want to work on the assumption that I would do it. I never thought I would do it, because the hurdles were too big to jump." But when Thatcher said she would stand for a second ballot in 1990, didn't he feel he was coming close? "Oh, I suppose, yes." And when he heard she

squawk? Does he babble? "No," he spluttered as if in mystification at the question. He wasn't around much for his own children either. "Well, no. My second daughter was born three days before I was elected to the House of Commons so the truth is I think I have always worked in the house, long hours, and that's as true when the children were there as it is... as it's remained ever since." And then he did a little Heseltine trick of picking up a subject and running off the pitch. Long hours away from home led him quickly on to the subject of the commitments of "any top job" ("you were talking about surgeons," he said, which I wasn't) and pretty soon he was asking me to "think what it would be like to be an export manager."

He did the same thing, swallowing up a personal statement in political rhetoric, when asked if he missed being in government. "I do miss the job," he said. "Well of course, it was the most wonderful job. And I think the British people have made a huge mistake and I'm unapologetic in that. The achievement of the last 18 years is dramatic and lasting. You'll never get me to apologise." When he said "dramatic and lasting" he gave each word typical Equal Emphasis and it seemed to give his heart because before long he was launching into an attack on Blair's Government: "that lot".

There was a bit of the old Heseltine too when listing his achievements: the sale of council houses, the urban renaissance of Liverpool and the East End and the defeat of CND. "I had very clear ideas of what I wanted to do and drove the machine to achieve it." His only regret, he said, was "that we didn't go further and faster on things that I believe to be important."

It was when he started talking about the things that he doesn't regret that he was most revealing. For much of the conversation, his left hand was placed firmly in his inner right-hand breast pocket, his arm creating a barrier across his heart. It emerged briefly early on holding a pen which he used to represent a tree growing. But only towards the end of the interview did the hand come out to join the conversation. He used it to emphasise how he did not regret walking out of Cabinet over the Westland affair (he denies "storming" or "stalking"; in Thatcher's autobiography she writes that he "bounced"). "I was very sad I had to do it, but I had to do it. It took four years to find a useful purpose in life. It wasn't satisfying at all. A terrible waste of four years."

He doesn't "regret" not getting the top job either. "Well, it would have been nice to have done it. But I didn't want to work on the assumption that I would do it. I never thought I would do it, because the hurdles were too big to jump." But when Thatcher said she would stand for a second ballot in 1990, didn't he feel he was coming close? "Oh, I suppose, yes." And when he heard she

ing corporation tax in February, and so forth. And if nothing else, it would get rid of the annual embarrassing photocall, in which the incumbent poses in a woolly pullover with a bunch of children, any children.

IN his reply to the Budget, Mr Hague pointed out a wonderful euphemism in the Red Book, the government's annual financial statement, and yet almost entirely fictitious — which accompanies the Budget. Rather than say that the high pound is crippling our exports, the Treasury's civil servants write elliptically: "net trade will make a negative contribution to growth".

## 'I had the whole Downing Street machine gathering against me and they were formidable enemies'

"Brown keeps tax breaks for privileged people who are needed to vote Labour next time."

AND while we're on the subject, one of the side-effects of the curious, nimby-pimby way in which the media report President Clinton's troubles is that everything they say starts to sound like the most tremendous euphemism. For instance, we keep being told that Mr Clinton "touched her intimately, near the Oval Office". Well, you may say, I've never heard it called that before. Or "it is not yet clear whether the alleged encounter took place inside or outside the Oval Office", which of course is, according to the president, what the whole controversy is about.

LAST week I wrote that Sir Elton John had become primarily a ceremonial figure, filling the role in our national life played in past times by Archbishops of Canterbury. Then on Wednesday he announced gravely that it was time for us to cease mourning

Princess Diana. Phew! It was certainly a relief to me to get out of those dark clothes, draw the curtains, and take Verdi's Requiem and Candle in the Wind II off the stereo. I see Sir Elton as an essentially Papal figure, interpreting to his flock the wishes of the sainted Diana, (except that he would have to dress down in order to officiate).

I see Sir Elton as a Papal figure interpreting to his flock the wishes of the sainted Diana

at Mass.) Yet in spite of his explicit instructions (possibly the doctrine of Eltonian infallibility has not been fully promulgated yet) Wednesday evening's BBC TV news had an "exclusive" interview with Diana's old butler, the principal theme of which was that he would not be revealing any-

thing about his life with the princess. He was certainly as good as his word. "When you heard the news of her death, were you shocked?" "Yes, I was." "There must have been some shared memories."

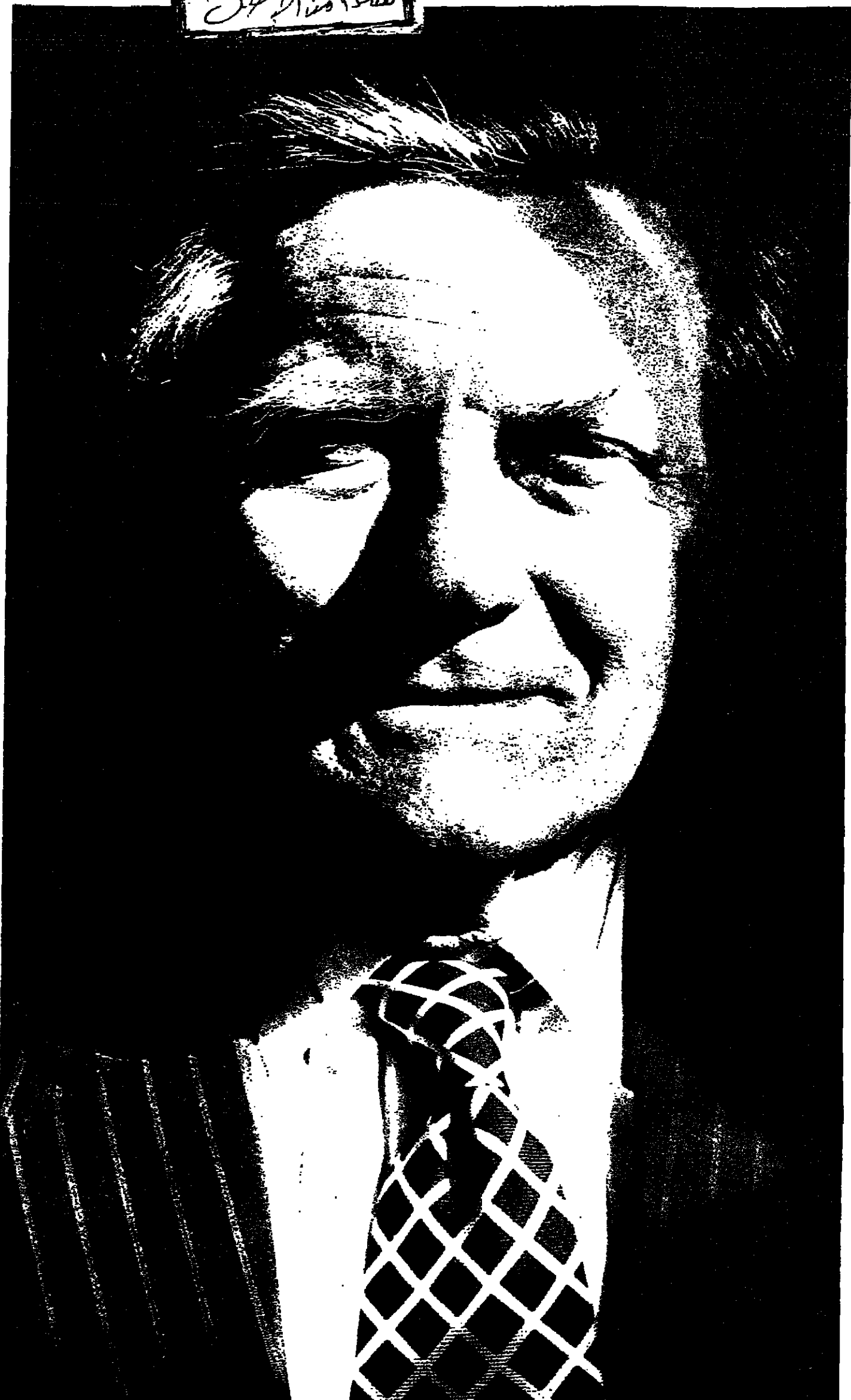
"Yes, I suppose it is quite a novelty for someone who was close to the princess not to be crying in, but in the main news? I suspect what we are seeing is not mourning, but a sort of national sub-religious neurosis in which even someone saying they aren't going to tell us anything about the princess takes on tremendous doctrinal significance."

LAST Saturday my brother and I decided to take our young sons to a Premiership football match, at Wimbledon. We wanted tickets in advance so we could all meet up in the ground, but I didn't want to spend time and money travelling to Selhurst Park to buy them. In the event I was forced to use the awful Ticketmaster service. The five seats cost a starling £68.50 (though I gather Wimbledon is

cheaper than some more popular clubs) plus another £10.50 for booking fees, though given the hours and the effort involved in extracting five seats together from Ticketmaster, it might have been quicker and cheaper to go to the ground.

Naturally we felt ripped off. But all football fans are ripped off. The other day on Radio 4, I heard a local Tyneside reporter speak about the scandal of the two Newcastle directors who had scoffed at the team's supporters while in a Spanish brothel. The previous night Newcastle had lost at home to Crystal Palace. "When the city awoke this morning there was a feeling of doom and gloom at what had happened at their beloved Newcastle United," he intoned.

If people are so emotionally stunted as to feel like that, and if they are prepared to pay rip-off prices for rip-off shirts, then there will be rich men who will get richer by catering to them. I don't blame the two wayward directors; I blame the fans.



St Michael ... 'My temperament is like a pancake. Which makes a nonsense of all those stormings out.' PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN MCCABE

## SIMON HOGGART'S WEEK



## Time to knock the futile fiscal fudge-it on the head

**W**HY do we have Budgets? If someone sat down once a year and tried to work out the family accounts for the next 12 months, predicting their exact income, precisely how much they would spend on food, shelter, clothing, holidays and drink, ignoring unforeseen disasters such as the roof falling in or a toaster needing repair, likewise the possibility of a premium bond winning or a rich uncle dying, not knowing the future price of a season ticket or even whether they would still be in work at all, you'd think they were barking mad. Yet when the Chancellor does the same for the whole nation, we treat the occasion with massive solemnity and even read the figures the Treasury produces as if they bore some relationship to events in the real world.

The Budget is about tinkering, a little adjustment here, a twist of the screw there. You wouldn't decide to do all your household odd jobs on one day. Similarly the Chancellor should be allowed to make his changes piecemeal, putting up fags in January, reduc-

ing corporation tax in February, and so forth. And if nothing else, it would get rid of the annual embarrassing photocall, in which the incumbent poses in a woolly pullover with a bunch of children, any children.

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The other euphemism which has slid into general usage almost unobserved is "middle England". This phrase vaguely evokes the rolling shires of the heartland, or else, if you prefer, suggests ordinary decent yeoman stock, the backbone of our country. In fact it means the middle-classes, or more bluntly the better-off. Headlines such as "Brown spares Middle England" merely translates as



## 16 | THE WEEK

## Hollywood or bust

HEAD TO HEAD: ARE THE OSCARS DESTROYING THE BEST IN CINEMA?



Yes

Nick James  
Editor, Sight & Sound

No

Stephen Woolley  
Independent producer

Dear Stephen,

will probably catch the TV highlights of the Academy Awards ceremony knowing I'll be watching a glad-handing occasion designed to grant prestige to a rapacious industrial monopoly. I'll watch it despite the fact that I'm likely to be bored by the overblown and clumsy Titanic.

My real interest will be in the ritual of overpaid stars applauding the system that allows them, their agents and their employers to dismantle all that was once good about Hollywood cinema. I'll get ironic pleasure out of seeing those vulnerable people taking seriously the often trivial business that haunts their lives and ours. I like and admire some of the films nominated for awards this year — LA Confidential, The Sweet Hereafter and The Full Monty.

It ought to be harmless, but it isn't because the Oscars have become far too important for all film-makers. Many of the awards are allegedly given after behind-the-scenes lobbying campaigns (hence the plagiarism accusations against The Full Monty). Rarely months of US releases are followed by a glut of prestige movies over Christmas, all frantically cancelling each other out. The actor-stuffed academy is overly fond of giving actor-directors the Oscar for best director. The people running the ceremony don't know what to do with unglamorous movies such as Mike Leigh's *Secrets and Lies*. As awards junkies, we're not interested in these distortions, we just want to see who will do this year's Sally Field/Tom Hanks weepfest. How can lovers of great movies such as yourself stand to see a superb film like Neil Jordan's *The Butcher Boy* (which you produced) ignored because it doesn't fit the back-slapping frame?

Best Regards,

Nick James

Dear Nick,

How right you are. The Academy Awards are as corrupt and exploitative as the studios themselves and rarely fully represent the best movies of any given year. Because *The Crying Game* (which I also produced) contributed to the success of Miramax, enabling it to be bought by Disney I have been at the heart of Oscar hype (six nomi-

nations including Best Film) and against all my better judgment, I enjoyed every moment.

When your film is up there for the final big prize and Jack opens the envelope, all you can think of is "Please God let it be someone else," because you know it's dishonest and Kieślowski or Tarkovsky should really be in it. But a small voice inside your head is also saying "fuck it, some of the great

movies of all time are compromises". And even though you have convinced yourself it is one big false sham, wouldn't it be great to take home a memento for our glorious adventure in Tinseltown?

The nominations for *The Crying Game* ensured its American release around the world. It's no coincidence (or joke) that the picture failed in Germany and France where it was released before the Academy Awards, but was a huge hit in Scandinavia, Italy, Spain and Austria after its success.

Thank you for praising *The Butcher Boy* but why did you run Quentin Tarantino (*Pulp Fiction* Oscar-winner) on the cover of last month's *Sight & Sound*? Because the cult of the personality rules and winning an Oscar ensures that the eyes of the world media will be upon you. And these are the people who sell cinema tickets and magazines such as your own.

As you watch with "ironic pleasure" this televised version of *Heaven* magazine, you cannot be entirely sure that the thespis,

seniles, juveniles, schizoids and paranoids who make up the bulk of the voters won't turn against *Titanic*. In my opinion — and as a member of the academy I express my opinion in the ballot box — every year they invariably get it wrong (no nomination for *Nil By Mouth* for instance) but it is essentially their party and no matter how cynically you view it, it's the party that affects the industry. Quite frankly I would be saddened to see it go.

My money is on

What's so disheartening about the Oscars is that it really is the only game in town. I hope you're right about *LA Confidential*, though.

Best, Nick James

were being nostalgically cinephile about it, we could probably substitute Kiarostami and Sokurov. We would be hard pushed to think of anyone innovative this side of the Chinese diaspora. For all the odd Euro successes — *L'Appartement* for example — or the hope for a different kind of European movie offered by Luc Besson's *The Fifth Element* (with its imported Bruce Willis), most non-English-speaking cinema seems irrelevant today.

What's so disheartening about the Oscars is that it really is the only game in town. I hope you're right about *LA Confidential*, though.

Best, Nick James

Dear Nick,

How cleverly you've shifted the goalposts. The success of *The Crying Game* was a triumph for independents, not the studios, and an important example of how the glitzy Oscar monolith was manipulated. European cinema is entirely without worth? What? Certainly in Britain and Ireland, new talent is emerging all the time. Michael Winterbottom, Karen Adler, Shane Meadows, Mark Herman and Iain Softley are the tip of an iceberg and cannot be dismissed as being "irrelevant to today".

I certainly think a top 100 of the world's greats could well include any one or more of the following: Loach, Leigh, Figgis, Forsyth, Fears, Mackinnon, Kieron, Hudson, Jordan, Parker, Sheridan. Are they not innovative?

Perhaps Hollywood is in the doldrums but it is so easy and lazy to blame the studios. The Oscars were not created to celebrate Bresson or Buñuel. It's depressing that the Oscars are the biggest game in town but they are not the only game. There are the Felix awards, aiming to be a European Academy, and the American Independent Spirit Awards. How absolutely spitting that this year Ray Winstone, Kathy Burke, Gary Oldman and Nil By Mouth received utterly deserved nominations in the British Academy Awards.

Lighten up Nick! Go see Todd Haynes's new movie and have your faith restored in American independents, create the *Sight & Sound* alternative Oscars and remember that much relevant and important work is created in opposition to and in the shadow of mainstream dominance. So what if Austin Powers missed out on last year's Oscars, there's always the sequel!

Yours, Stephen Woolley

Dear Stephen,

I'm cast as the party-pooper, so I don't get to throw off Cassandra's weeds just yet. You've fallen into my trap. I've deliberately left Britain out of the European discussion because we both know that in movie terms, London is an offshore trading post for the US, not Europe. In the digital age it doesn't matter much where your Scala office is. It's a global industry run from Hollywood and Britain is the first to be dubbed to even get a look in. We can all knock off a list of famous British talent, but can an innovative British and European cinema really thrive "in the shadow of mainstream dominance" if I can borrow your cheerleader's words for a minute, I'd say it can, but only if among the Shooting Fish and the annual Loach and Leigh projects, there are films with the daring of Wong Kar-Wai, the imagination of Luc Besson, the pith of *Nil By Mouth* and the energy of *Trainspotting*.

So what's the deal, Stephen? If any of them land you in Oscarland next year I'll be the first to cheer.

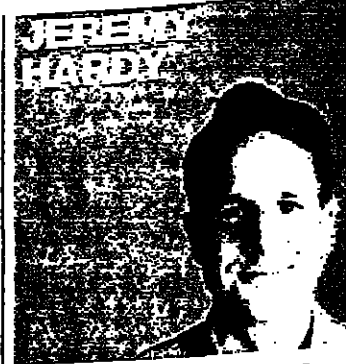
Cheers, Nick

Dear Nick,

Will we ever see a day when a British success can honestly be celebrated without the carping critics' blade to the base of the industry's spine? Like the "hero" of *The Butcher Boy* Francis Brady, you're let your overripe imagination run riot. Shock! Horror! David Ankin is wandering the streets of Soho under the spell of evil Hollywood! It's Hershey bars all round as back at the ranch we're saddling up for the Yanks and not our French and German counterparts.

I've seen but I don't buy your particular brand of xenophobia. Nor did Wilder, Lang, Sirk or the other thousands of European émigrés who created Hollywood. Movies are universal, perhaps we can agree on that, but do they have to wear their nationalism on their sleeve in order to qualify for the *Sight & Sound* seal of approval? I'm afraid you have fallen into the trap of praising directors only, and what the Academy Awards dare to do is to highlight designers, photographers, editors and composers, who are the collaborative team that make the films. Perhaps this is another reason why you resent the Oscars — it doesn't fit into that neat groove that reflects the entire glory on to the auteur.

For your information, the excellent *Trainspotting* and *Nil By Mouth* are in the English language, which disqualifies them certainly in your book from being European. Best regards, Stephen



My night of PEP with Gordon and Tessa

I don't know which is the clearer sign of middle age; the fact that I sat through the whole of the budget speech or the fact that I was gravely offended by seeing every man involved in the BBC's studio coverage performing in shirtsleeves. The three MPs sat squashed together sporting neckties and billowing white shirts that touched; and I found myself fuming like James Robertson Justice: "Put your jacket on, man!"

Part of my outrage was brought on by the growing informality of news reporting. I feel that it will not be long before newscasters sign off with the words, "Good night. And remember, none of this really matters." I also have trouble with men who wear a tie but no jacket. For men, there should be no middle ground between the formal and the slovenly. It is, for example, morally wrong to wear jeans and a sports jacket at the same time. And the term "smart but casual" is a euphemism for clothes which are nasty but well-pressed.

Gordon Brown, on the other hand, was a stunner as usual. It is broadly agreed in the media that he is a sex symbol, so I suppose he is. But he also has the ability to make Peter Lilley seem electrifyingly charismatic by comparison. I kept expecting the Chancellor to say, "You know, people in finance aren't as boring as you might think. We work hard, but we also play hard."

I'm sorry but I lose the will to live as soon as anyone mentions PEPs or Tessas. I don't know what they are and I don't wish to, but I know they are a fetish for those slightly depraved people who listen to Moneybox on Radio Four; thoseavaricious, petit-bourgeois individuals who know what a child is more tax-efficient than a loft conversion.

I am not a saver. This is partly because of my obdurate belief that I am paying taxes to support old people and that young people should pay taxes to support me — preferably now. I don't want to receive a single penny on the basis that I have paid national insurance contributions all my life but on the basis that I am a person. Similarly, I'm not interested in discerning whether the people I help to subsidise through my taxes are deserving. They may have fought in a war, or they may have failed the eye-test, either way, they're entitled to a hot dinner and money for lottery tickets.

I don't want a Telecom share or a tidy little nest-egg squirreled away into one of those investment accounts which involves a nice shiny folder with a picture of old people laughing on the cover. On the rare occasions when I have mention his work, would be rendered, in a favourite word "of Roy Jenkins's, *otiose*. A pedant writes: You have missed your chance to point out that Roy Jenkins comes from Glamorgan. He was born, I think you will find, in Abersychan. *Smallweed* replies in his worldly-wise way: That was a long time ago.

IN QUOTING, entirely from memory, the poem *Bagpipe Music* by Louis Macneice I got it even more wrong than I feared. The couplet concerned reads as follows: "It's no go the Yogi-Man, it's no go Blavatsky/ All we want is a bank balance and a bit of dirt in a taxi." The packet of fags, which I wrongly imported into the second line, belongs elsewhere: "It's no go the Herring Board, it's no go the Bible/ All we want is a packet of fags and a bit of dirt in a taxi." (This last, I am happy to say, is the sort of attitude that's likely to have been banished for good when Gordon Brown has been Chancellor for 10 years.)

The poem ends with a couplet which if not now immortal certainly ought to be: "The glass is falling hour by hour, the glass will fall for ever/ But if you break the bloody glass, I wish I had space to reprint the whole thing, but let's face the

summoned the resolve to consult with a financial adviser, I have been told that I need to make my money work for me. This doesn't seem fair. My money already does so much for me. It goes down the Thai place and brings my dinner home; it sows and grows and harvests wheat, mills it and makes it into bread; it brings bananas from the Caribbean all the way to Streatham; all the things I would do myself if I had the time. My money does all this for me, I can't ask it to go out and earn a living as well.

There was a time when communities saved for each other's mutual well-being. We had no welfare state and so the labour movement formed societies to enable people to co-operate and share. And there is a long tradition of poorer people saving up for special things such as children's birthdays and basic holidays. I take my hat off to people on low incomes who manage to put something by because I know that I could not. I tend to empathise with people who blow their redundancy pay or lottery winnings. Money cannot bring you happiness — unless you spend a lot of it in one go. And the money that brings the most pleasure is the money we don't earn; ask the chairman of any private utility.

What the budget did for me was to remind me that we still dwell in a mythical world where there is some correlation between money and work. The Chancellor told us he would "Make Work Pay", as distinct from making employers pay. Bosses paying low wages will also be allowed to pay lower National Insurance contributions, an incentive to sweat labour. Low

Since sacking the workforce, the Magnet directors have awarded themselves an extra £2.2 million in pay and bonuses

wages are given. The minimum wage is to be set at an absolute minimum.

Employers say that they cannot afford to pay decent wages and the Government accepts this. Some how it is not considered bad business practice to pay poverty wages. Imagine if manufacturers argued that it would make them uncompetitive if they were obliged to deliver goods ordered from them, and decided instead to start dumping them on the hard shoulder of the M1 to keep costs down.

Because the Government will not reinstate basic labour rights, employers are able to do as they did at the Magnet Factory in Darlington. That long dispute arose because, after years of pay freezes and record profits, workers asked for a 3 per cent rise across the board to keep pace with inflation. It would have cost the company £27,000 a year to settle this but instead they sacked the workforce for going on strike. And since then the directors have awarded themselves an extra £2.2 million in pay and bonuses.

Money, like the rest of capitalism, is something humankind invented only to become bewitched and enslaved by it. And now we find it's in all the wrong places. Gordon Brown is engaged in tediously elaborate schemes to move tiny amounts of money around the economy without offending Middle England. What a shame he doesn't know how much fun it can be to spend.

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The Guardian SPONSORS FILM ON FOUR

Saturday March 21 at 10.55pm. C4

The beautifully observed story of a man who is born an immigrant dwarf in Ireland and later rises to literary stardom. As a young boy, Frankie is taught his love of the stars and astrology by his mother's lover, Jack Kelly (Gabriel Byrne) — who is like a father to him. Supported by the love of Jack and his mother, Frankie puts his own story onto paper — a book whose success will transform his life.

## SMALLWEED

Lord Lieutenant needs such legions of support? And what sort of people are they, anyway? Usually Lords Lieutenant are old military types, of whom Hampshire has rather a lot. But it's said that the Way Ahead Group, that engine of royal radicalism, wants to widen the pool, bringing in people from other more peaceable walks of life.

Rap artists, for instance, and unemployed wicket keepers, and professional prestidigitators are all, according to *Smallweed*'s researches, scandalous, under-represented in the Government should set up an urgent review, alongside all its other urgent reviews.

IT HAS been brought to *Smallweed*'s attention that people with a phobia of heights often claim to suffer from vertigo. Indeed I sometimes make this error myself. Yet vertigo means not a fear of heights but the conditions experienced by people fearful of heights when confronted with that which they fear: a sort of whirling, dizzy sensation, whose name derives from the Latin word *vertere*, meaning to turn.

The fear of heights belongs within the rich world of phobias, along with claustrophobia, arachnophobia (the fear of spiders) or Diphrophobia (a

chronic fear of reading yet more mawkish media reports about the tear-stained state of the Princess's former butler). Those who fall of vertigo ought to be most instances to be using the term acrophobia, defined as an abnormal fear or dread (though it seems quite normal to me) of being at a great height. Yet I don't believe I have ever heard this word spoken. Why?

A doctor writes: The state you describe is known to us medical folk as acrophobia, defined as an abnormal fear or dread of using the word acrophobia. That will be 25 guineas.

SMALLWEED is full of awe at the ingenuity of the man in Caerphilly who, told that his children cannot be taken to school by bus as their gate is within 1.5 miles of the front drive, is building a new front drive, or more exactly, a gate further away from the school. But there's one thing he ought to have thought of before he ordered the bitumen and the clinker. He may not be the only *humblest man in Glamorgan*.

Suppose the council, whose school may well command a wider frontage than his house, now moves the school gate an equivalent distance, if not indeed more. The 1.5 miles between the two gates would then be restored and his bitumen and his clinker, not to

mention his work, would be rendered, in a favourite word "of Roy Jenkins's, *otiose*. A pedant writes: You have missed your chance to point out that Roy Jenkins comes from Glamorgan. He was born, I think you will find, in Abersychan. *Smallweed* replies in his worldly-wise way: That was a long time ago.

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facts, I don't, so I shan't. In any case, you would not want to miss my piece about Doncaster Rovers, would you?

IT IS desolating to read of the state of Doncaster Rovers, bottom of the third division of the Nationwide League by a mile and destined to drop out completely at the end of the season. The players, I see, have been told not to turn up for training since their coaches have all been sacked. I noticed last weekend that the team that got thrashed 7-1 by Cardiff included two players named only as Mike and George. Presumably they are suppressing their surnames for fear of being jeered at by teenagers.

I understand that the team to represent Rovers at home to Lincoln City today has been listed as follows: Fred; Trevor; Kev; Yvonne's brother-in-law; Tarquin (capt); Mike; George; Darren; that fellow with the limp that comes in the Bull on a Thursday night and sinks three with a centre-parting in the butcher's on Rotherham Road who looks a little bit like Michael Portillo; and whoever's down to drive the team coach (as long as it's not Vera Slattery). Substitutes: Moby Dick and Aristotle Onassis. These last two are believed to be pseudonyms.

## Doonesbury



BY GARRY TRUDEAU



## THE BEST OF MY WEEK...

SAYS BEATLES PRODUCER GEORGE MARTIN: "Was the album launch party at Air Studios on Monday which marked my first production after 48 years. When I saw purple sofas with gold tassels and gilded chandeliers decorating my beloved Lyndhurst Hall, I grumbled 'Looks like a party's boudoir' but later it looked wonderful. I was thrilled to see so many old friends and great artists, especially Ringo and Cilla, who began with me 35 years ago. A night to remember."



# It's the Princess Diana effect – maybe

**Simon Hattenstone** ponders why the actor Leonardo DiCaprio has such incredible pulling power. Right, **Anna Berrill**, aged 11, tells what it's like to meet him

The psychologists call it "Leo sickness". And Britain is in the grip of this rare plague. Thursday's Daily Mail gave half its front page to "Leonardo and his new look locks". The front of yesterday's Mail launched "The DiCaprio debate: Why do women love him to the despair of men?" The Sun substituted sense for poetry with "We love Leo... 10,000 fans go DiCaprio crazy". The Star threw us the bait that "Leo's love life's a disaster".

And most astonishingly there was the picture on the front of yesterday's Times. A cluster of women/girls at London's Leicester Square screaming and air-kissing their way into Leo's heart.

The photograph is a throwback to Heathrow Airport, the early sixties and the Beatles. Red eyes, mouths wide open, fillings winking in the camera's eye, cheeks glowing, fans fainting. One girl at the front planting a kiss on her palm for Leo is so enraptured that she hasn't noticed her clothes undressing themselves.

Leo sickness. The evidence is all around. The woman who has seen Titanic 40 times and is still counting. The fact that the film – forecast as the ultimate disaster movie – has broken every record. Look at the American film charts and you'll see the best Dick and Leo's new movie, The Man In The Iron Mask, slugging it out at numbers one and two (again, nothing like it

since '63/'64 when the Beatles could have been had up by the monopolies commission). Look at the UK charts next week and you'll find the same.

So, as Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt, Johnny Depp et al must be asking themselves, what's it all about, they're superstars, great-looking boys with groovy parts in groovy movies, but you won't find 10,000 women/girls drenching their handkerchiefs for them.

Various theories have been floated. The one I quite like – actually I think I may have invented it – is that Leo is the beneficiary of Post-Diana syndrome. Having just rediscovered our capacity for love, sweat and tears, the need to satiate our repressed emotions, we are desperate for a new hero. A new hero, like Diana, capable of appealing to all sorts of people on all sorts of levels.

Now, remember those photographs of young Diana, head tilted down, a little coy, slightly naughty, sexy in her shyness. The great thing about Diana, we all said, is that she's not like one of those frigid royals, she's a bonkers and contradictory as the rest of us. Look at the picture of Leo, and things begin to make sense. DiCaprio not only bears an extraordinary physical resemblance to the princess, but he shares the same ticks and nuances. Like Diana he's sexy without being sexual, without being threatening. There was a classic snap of Leo



Mad about the boy... fans go wild as Leonardo DiCaprio arrives for the premiere of The Man In The Iron Mask in London this week



this week with his German Gran and Prince Charles (yes, exactly, Prince Charles). The Prince is talking to Gran in German and Leo is looking on in black jacket and dinky bow, his teeth biting his lips in the excitement of it all. That's Leo in one.

Which explains why little girls love him (Can I have a Leo doll for Christmas, Mummy?), the little boys love him (Can I have a Leo Action Man Daddy?), the pubescent girls love him (phwoosh!), mothers want to mother him, fathers want to father him, grandparents want to stuff his face with sticky toffees and gay men want to warm their feet on him.

If a demonic movie mogul spent years fiddling on his computer trying to generate the perfect global product, he couldn't come up with anything to out-Leo Leo. Strangely, though, Leo is not half the Hollywood product that say Tom Cruise is. Leo was born in downtown LA in the shadows of drug addiction and prostitution. His hippy-dippy parents split up when he was tiny and he nurtured "the artist within" as they say. Leo didn't want to be a star, he wanted to be an actor. And until this year he succeeded brilliantly – playing a series of desperately moving, screamingly dysfunctional kids in low-budget movies like The Bas-

kettball Diaries, What's Eating Gilbert Grape?, and Marvin's Room. Leo was reluctant to take on Titanic because he thought the role thin and meretricious. I was one of a group of journalists who met Leo a few months ago on the set of The Man In The Iron Mask. He was a sweet little kid, joshing with his mates, pretending to fart as he sat down, blowing extravagant smoke rings. A sweet little kid till it was time for the interview. Then he became petulant and uncommunicative, whingeing his way up the stairs, telling his PR-person he didn't want to do it, so there. And he definitely wouldn't give us more than

15 minutes, nah nah nah nah nah. We didn't like him, but perhaps we were being unfair, perhaps we couldn't see that he was being true to himself. Leonardo DiCaprio thought interviews were a nonsense and why should he talk to us like a grown-up when he could be messing about with his friends? John Malkovich and Jeremy Irons said the great thing about him was that he was normal, untouched by Hollywood. I didn't believe them at the time, but perhaps in retrospect they were right. And it may explain Leo Sickness. Who could resist a gorgeous, talented boy every bit as stropfully human as Diana?

**'He held my hand'**



I had never felt so lucky. I was going to see the premiere of The Man In The Iron Mask. All the stars from the film were there. I think Leonardo DiCaprio is really cool and fame hasn't gone to his head. When he came on to the stage in the Odeon, Leicester Square, everyone screamed "Leo I love you" and "marry me Leo". I thought the film was really breathtaking, and full of action and fun. Leo acted very well (it must be difficult and hard work acting two completely different characters). After the film we went to the stars' party. It was wonderful and Leo was there eating his dinner. I soon picked up the courage to go up and ask for his autograph. With a mouthful of food, he laid down his fork and started to ask me questions. Wicked. He asked my name and did I enjoy the film. Then he took hold of my hand. I went red and felt all prickly. Leo said my hand was hot and that his hands go sticky when he's nervous. Leo wrote To Anna, Leonardo DiCaprio, on my notebook. I could not believe it, I shall remember that night forever. Anna Berrill

The Australian senate has outlawed euthanasia but **Philip Nitschke** says he will continue to help sick people end their suffering. He explains why

## Doc with a death wish

It was nearly 2am before I found the address and switched off the engine. It was a modest house on the outskirts of Sydney, dwarfed by the new shopping complex with its huge car park. My muffled knock prompted an immediate response. "Come in," she said, "Quickly!"

"I was frightened you weren't going to come," she said. "Thought you might have changed your mind at the last minute and decided to leave me..."

She took me into the kitchen where a file of medical records was waiting on the table, documenting Ethel's last fight, which was now quickly reaching its conclusion. I thumbed through them but before I could finish she interjected anxiously "You'll help me then? You're my last hope now, you know. I'm begging you, doctor, please help me."

After the events of the past 12 months we really were back in the jungle. There was no law, no checks, no balances, no safeguards. If I wanted to help her, I could. If I wanted to be a bastard, I could. Be an angel, be a murderer, whatever, it was all up to me.

And this mess was a direct consequence of the Australian Federal Government's decision last April to overturn the Northern Territory's "Rights of the Terminally III" Act, the world's first and only functioning law that permitted voluntary euthanasia.

the consistently expressed views of the Australian public.

THE FIRST legal death, only eight months earlier, was that of Bob Dent, a man from the Northern Territories dying of prostate cancer. He had been open about his intentions. The specialist who treated him had agreed that Bob had only a few months left and that every medical option had been tried. The palliative care doctor could still think of a few suggestions for treatment, but freely admitted that none were likely to make any significant difference.

The psychiatrist, John Eiland, who we had flown in from Sydney, agreed that Dent knew exactly what he was doing. Bob did not feel like a criminal and he did not have to act like one.

I had been to see Bob the night before he was to die to ask if there were any last questions about the procedures and methods we had agreed upon; to see if there had been any last change in plans. He was more relaxed now than I had ever seen him and at last he was finally happy with the wording of the letter to be released when his death was made public.

Casualty Bob arranged for me to come for Sunday lunch. "We can start at about one o'clock," he said. It could have been a picnic or a party we were arranging, rather than the death of a man who would be the first person in history to make use of voluntary euthanasia legislation. Just what do you talk about in the last hour of a man's life? You run through potential sentences in your mind, checking them for insensitivity. "How do you like your ham sandwich?" Bob's wife Judy asked. This at least was a safe topic. I felt like I was choking on the bread, with an extremely dry throat and mouth. But still I answered. "Yes, it is... very nice." Bob was talking freely now. "You've got to realise, what you're doing for me is an act of love, it's a



Street protest... Nitschke burned the newly-passed anti-euthanasia laws in Canberra last year

measure of love... it's the greatest act of love..." I sat there quietly, pathetically, staring at my feet and listening, realising that this solid, heroic man was now finding it necessary to spend his last hour talking me up, raising my spirits. Suddenly he stopped, looked at his watch and said: "Anyway it's now one o'clock, and you're here and you've got a job to do. Let's do it!"

ETHEL watched closely as one by one I broke open the 60 capsules and emptied the white powder onto the open piece of paper. All the gel containers and peripheral packaging was then collected for removal from the house. Ethel's plans began to take shape. She would wait until her son had made his expected weekend

visit and her closest friend, Helen, returned from an interstate trip. Her son would not help. Helen, though, was supportive. She would see that the anti-nausea and anti-vomiting tablets were taken in plenty of time; that there were no unexpected visits or phone calls and, most importantly, sit with Ethel as the drugs took their lethal effect. Helen realised that she may even be called upon to use help her use the small carbon dioxide cylinder and face mask if there were any protracted or unexpected reaction to the drugs.

It was agreed that the two women would let me know when they planned to proceed and that I would keep one of my phone lines free. Helen would ring when she was satisfied that death had occurred. It was nearly 2am before we

began making the video. Ethel answered all the questions I posed. Yes, she did decide some time back, after receiving her diagnosis, to end her life before being institutionalised; no, she did not want to involve others, for fear of exposing them to risk. The video was being made simply to explain, should it become necessary in the future, that she was making her own decision, without any pressure. She concluded by chronicling in the greatest detail, all her ongoing daily symptoms. She offered her hand. "I'll never forget you, or what you've done," she said and then added, "God willing, I hope to never see you again."

I CARRIED in the machine, computer, drugs and medical bag from my car and positioned myself at the right of Bob's outside porch bed. It was hot. I unpacked, connected power to the machine and computer, and began to break open the glass ampoules of drugs.

"Do you want me to go into the next room to do this?" "No," Bob was definite. "Do it there, I don't mind. I'd rather you stay..." His voice trailed off. "Time to put the drip in," I said, and Bob moved, sat up and offered his arm. He looked at the first question on the laptop screen. "If you go ahead and press 'YES', you will be given a lethal injection and die." His right hand did not hesitate, the keyboard space bar was pressed to indicate "YES", and the second question appeared. "Do you realise that if you press the 'YES' button, you will receive a lethal injection?" Again, an immediate and positive response. Then the last screen: "In 15 seconds you will receive a lethal injection."

I watched closely as Bob's hand hovered above the space bar. I sensed the history of that instant: the picture of peaceful anticipation on his face, the look of love on Judy's and the feeling that this was indeed one of those consummately important moments. His hand then magically seemed to gather speed, in an instant the bar was pressed and the screen changed, flashing, indicating that without further intervention death was imminent.

Bob turned away to his left, towards Judy. He was no longer interested in the screen, no longer interested in life. Judy cradled him in her arms. A trail of tiny bubbles speeding along the line gave the first reliable indication that lethal drugs were now entering Bob's body. I looked up again. Bob was now sleeping, his breathing rapidly slowing. In less than five minutes it was over and Bob Dent was dead.

The compressor switched off as the last of the drugs moved through the line. Then there was a long silence, no sound, nothing. Judy sat impassively, her face free of any interpretable expression. She looked up as I stood. "I'll certify death and then leave you alone," I said.

She smiled, a brief, fleeting smile and nodded. I had no idea what she was feeling but sensed that she wanted me to leave. I quickly removed the needle from Bob's arm, closed up the machine and switched off the laptop. The computer log showed that it had been running for less than 30 minutes.

I DROVE down the Stuart Highway, heading south out of Darwin towards my rural block. Eight months had passed since I had made this same trip on the day of Bob Dent's death. It felt like a lifetime. Four lifetimes, in fact. I missed, and thought of the four people who had died making use of the Territory's euthanasia law.

Now it was all gone, turned over by the Senate of Australia. But that group of suffering, terminally

ill people who could have been helped by the Territory law were still with us. There seemed to be more than ever but helping them was illegal. Helping now meant taking risks but I could at least set my own conditions. I insisted that they satisfy the criteria that had been established for the Territory law.

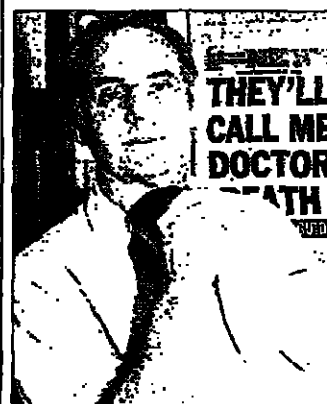
Just my idea, no one made me do this. I just felt that I should have some "internal yardstick" by which I could assess each request and establish whether I was being ethical. I almost inched my way through the night. It had all changed and everything was different. The law had been lost and it was unlikely that any parliament or parliamentarian in Australia would attempt to re-introduce such contentious legislation. Changes could be brought about through the courts but this seemed improbable. I knew of no patients prepared to go down that path and certainly of no skilled lawyers who believed enough in this cause to offer their services freely.

It began to dawn on me that the only way forward was the so-called "technical solution". The concept was simple: develop the means by which those currently seeking euthanasia could peacefully and easily end their own lives. No need for doctors or psychiatrists to vet and check, no need for skilled or semi-skilled assistance. The individual in total control of their own destiny.

The "suicide pill" summed up the concept. Something that could be prepared from readily available ingredients, that would guarantee a peaceful sleep and death in all cases, that could not be restricted, or legislated against, something that would be unpoliceable. In the face of such technological advances, those legislators who continued to ignore the overwhelming and clearly expressed wishes and needs of our community would simply be overtaken by history.

I drove on through the wet tropical Darwin night. The time was right, I thought. All effort must now be put into developing the suicide pill.

Philip Nitschke features in Fighting For Dignity, next Tuesday at 10.40 on TV



Pro-choice... Nitschke wants to find a way round the ban

THE BEST OF MY WEEK...

...and the best of my week...



CHANNEL SURFING  
STUART JEFFRIES

## Six-day wonder

An elderly Jewish woman is shouting. And who can blame her? She is recalling the Six Day War in 1967. The Egyptians have been neutralised thanks to Israeli air strikes, the West Bank and the Old City of Jerusalem have been seized from under Jordan's nose, and now Jewish forces are sweeping across the Golan Heights, bombing, shooting and napping as they go.

This wasn't just any Jewish woman, though, but Miriam Eshkol, wife of the Israeli prime minister during the Six Day War. In June 1967, Levi Eshkol was with his generals rolling through Syria.

Recalling the incident more than 30 years on, Mrs Eshkol became more and more excited. "There she was, sitting quietly at home, while outside the armed forces' blitzkrieg was massively increasing Israel's size. Then the country's foreign minister, Abba Eban, rang up frantically from the United Nations. 'Tell Eshkol to stop the war!' he yelled at Mrs Eshkol. 'We're under terrible pressure here at the United Nations.' Mrs Eshkol smiled at the screen, as if she'd told the foreign minister: 'Look, Abba, Levi can't talk today. He's been a very bad boy.'

In fact, she didn't say anything of the kind, but instead passed on the foreign minister's request. Mrs Eshkol started shouting again as she described a subsequent phone conversation with her husband. "Then Eshkol calls me and he says: 'Ah, this Golan is absolutely fantastic. The view is wonderful.' He waxes lyrical about it, and I tell him: 'Eshkol, listen. Eban wants us to stop the war. He can't stand the pressure.'

"He says: 'I can't hear you. I say: 'What do you mean, you can't hear me?' I'm telling you Eban's exact words. He says: 'I can't hear you. I can't hear you. It's a bad line. I'll come home and we'll talk.'

"Then I understood: he wanted more time to conquer a few more kilometres."

This was the reality of realpolitik and gave a tremendous insight into how international diplomacy works in tawdry practice.

*The Fifty Years War* (BBC2) tomes with such stories. It's well edited, too, splicing in interviews with newscasters and thus establishing its own rhythm of historical explanation. Better yet, it strives to explode some of the long-held myths about the conflict. The 1967 war, the programme-makers claim, did not begin because of Egypt's decision to close the Straits of Tiran and thus end Israel's freedom of navigation. No, what prompted war was Soviet misinformation. Dastardly Russians put it about that the Israelis were massing on the Syrian border, provoking a spiral of Arab panic, Israeli mobilisation, Arab threats, and, ultimately, a devastating Israeli attack on the Egyptian air force.

We have Michael Jackson, former controller of BBC2 and now Channel 4's chief executive, to thank for this excellent four-part series, which traces the history of the Arab-Israeli conflict from 1948 and Ben-Gurion's declaration of independence to the present day. Struck by the forensic power and thoroughness of the 1995 documentary *The Death Of Yugoslavia*, Jackson suggested to that series' executive producer, Brian Lapping, that his next theme should be Israel's relations with the Arabs.

What made *The Death Of Yugoslavia* one of the best documentary series of the decade was that the makers interviewed all the key protagonists. Each detail was thrillingly dramatised. *The Fifty Years War* is equally accomplished and similarly helpful at unravelling the Gordian knot of Arab-Israeli conflict. Particularly for the kind of Briton whose interest in the matter has hitherto been limited to wondering who is the ugliest out of Golda Meir, David Ben-Gurion, Yasser Arafat, King Hussein of Jordan and Robin Cook. But enough about me.

Just two quibbles about the series so far. First, the lacuna between episodes one and two: in episode one Israel had captured the Sinai during the 1956 Suez Crisis. We only learn this enthusiastically in episode two that Ben-Gurion later surrendered that territory, with little explanation as to why.

Second, and more seriously, the conflict is reported almost wholly at the level of diplomacy and activity and military operation. Too rarely do the little people getting crushed by these two forces get airtime — something that distinguishes this series from *The Death Of Yugoslavia*. But neither complaint should undermine *The Fifty Years War*'s claim to be essential viewing.

The novel *Primary Colors* once seemed a shocking picture of Bill Clinton's private life. Then the Lewinsky affair put it in the shade. But how does the film measure up? **Joanna Coles** reports from New York

## Slick Willy, the movie

## THE WINNER

There is a glorious moment in Mike Nichols's new movie, *Primary Colors*, where John Travolta, playing Jack Stanton, the charismatic governor of a poor southern state — aka a presidential Bill Clinton — is confronted by one of his aides in a urinal. Henry Burton, played by Adrian Lester and loosely based on Clinton's former campaign manager, George Stephanopoulos, tells Stanton that a black teenager is claiming the governor got her pregnant. It is bang in the middle of the New York primary, a crucial hurdle in the Democratic race, and Stanton slams his fist against the wall. "Goddammit!" he screams. "I just can't catch a break, can I?"

His reaction is crucial. Forget the girl — he doesn't even bother trying to deny it. His chief emotions are anger and self-pity. This is a man so ambitious, so focused on his election goal, that the only question that really matters to him is, will he survive?

That we know the answer does not matter. Of course he will. What's interesting is why. What does it say about the American people that Clinton's ratings have improved during the recent sex scandals? Not even hovered uncertainly around the same point, but actually gone up? The film's value is in its determination to address how Clinton, or Jack Stanton, manages to overcome what Henry calls "the drug thing, the lying thing and the women thing" and convince the electorate to vote for him.

The closest we get to an answer is provided by Stanton himself. "I feel your pain," he keeps telling people, wiping away real tears as they recount their terrible stories of poverty and deprivation. And he does. "He really means it," whispers an incredulous Henry, astounded to be working for a politician who's actually sincere. That Stanton is also a liar who cheats on his wife and reinvents his own past, Henry finds difficult to reconcile — but that was always the point of Joe Klein's book, on which the movie is based. It is left to Libby Holden, brilliantly played by Kathy Bates — and the film's moral compass — to spell it out in our marriage," Nichols cuts to a



Caught with his pants down... John Travolta as Governor Jack Stanton with Emma Thompson in *Primary Colors*

PHOTOGRAPH BY REX

explains earnestly. "It's all so human and messy and sad." The key to Stanton, like Clinton, is that he's forgivable. He manages to be a cad and care at the same time. In another telling scene, which echoes the 1992 CBS interview in which Clinton — then hounded by Gennifer Flowers — admitted he had caused "pain in our marriage," Nichols cuts to a

bar to get a reaction from normal folks. "She's not bad-looking!" mumbles one drinker, referring approvingly to Flowers.

"I like her hair," remarks his female companion, referring to Emma Thompson's brittle portrayal of Susan Stanton. "But I think it would be better longer." There was concern among critics that, in the light of the recent

White House scandals, *Primary Colors* might have faded. But it is nonsense to suggest, as some have recently, that art can be just too relevant. Mike Nichols (who's *Affair Of Virginia Woolf* and *The Graduate*) provides a thoughtful filter through which to understand not only Clinton but ourselves. It is not, as some have suggested, an especially sympathetic portrait,

though Thompson portrays the long-suffering Susan with intelligent compassion. Indeed, Travolta is in his element as the greedy, crude, doughnut-chewing governor rarely seen without a halo of sugar around his lips. But, as he keeps reassuring Henry, "There is no one else who can do it better." As the Republicans have discovered to their cost.

WAVE RIDING  
ANNE KARP

## Striking features

Even death can't get rid of a good bone structure," bemoaned the mortician said as he bent over the corpse (reassuring information when one comes to snuff it). This was a grand tour around *The Face* (Radio 4), with BBC disability correspondent Peter White as guide.

Getting a blind presenter to probe the secrets of physiognomy at first seemed a dubious idea — like setting the first radio play, *Danger, Down a Coalmine*. But soon it seemed inspired. A different kind of vision is required for a radio programme that crumbles assumptions about appearance and asks whether Auden's dictum — that we get the face we deserve — is true and how we see it as revealing as we think.

Most powerful were those people contesting traditional ideas about beauty. Comedian Dave Schneider suggested that as his life became richer, his face could take a holiday, no longer having to work so hard at creating a favourable impression. A woman talked about proudly brandishing her pootee heard to escape her initial feelings of shame. And a man insisted that he liked his newscasters with bags under their eyes: the notion that they might go home and get a good night's sleep after reading out terrible news disgusted him. In producer Noah Richler's stylish feature, White (who has never seen a face) was sharp and intriguing, describing how he thought he looked to a woman who gently corrected him.

Sadly, we won't be hearing many more Richler features for a while, because the climate isn't favourable to the specialist features producer.

Perhaps my brain has been secretly trepanned, and this is why information that drops in almost immediately drops in again. I certainly don't absorb the news in the rational way that broadcasters assume. And

my internal map of the world is distorted: major countries are missing, yet I become wildly interested in news of any tiny fiefdom I'm about to visit.

It seems to be a shared disability: recent correspondents to Radio 4's *Feedback* admitted that their minds drift during the weather forecast, causing them to miss the crucial passage. Those of us with perforated memories are grateful for succinct, catch-up programmes like last Monday's *Insight* (BBC World Service). German elections? I'd vaguely heard of them, but couldn't have sworn whether they've been or were to come. Caroline Wright's 15-minute romp through the personalities and issues gave me everything I needed to be able to follow the news on the subject. Thanks.

Marcy Kahan's plays are a box of Maitreises, a couple of Penguins and a shrewd-sized Crumchees — delicious but not nutritious (for that, she co-dramatises *War and Peace*). In her latest, *Salzburg In London* (Radio 4), Esther Salzburg is an American screenwriter who turns out lurid scripts in which women in isolated farmhouses are stalked by psychopaths.

To escape Manhattan mayhem, she decamps one summer to London, where, holed up in a Bloomsbury flat, she becomes convinced that her neighbour has murdered her husband, saved him to pieces, and buried him into 20 dark green rubbish sacks. So she prevails upon her English travel writer ex-lover (the adored PG Wodehouse: she prefers Saul Bellow) to investigate, and chaos pursues her to a dramatic finale.

Despite a sub-theme inverting women's roles in movies, this was basically *Rear Window* directed by Woody Allen, with some very funny lines ("How did you know it was her husband?" "He behaved like a husband — he didn't look at her, he ordered her about, he told her to finish the packing"). Tara Hugo made an ideal Esther, and Gordon House directed with zest. It's repeated on BBC World Service tonight at 10.30pm and Sunday at 6.30pm.

Finally, the new Radio 4 schedule looks full of interesting new ventures — James Boyle has been rightly applauded. But it's disingenuous of him and Matthew Bannister to deny the economic stringencies affecting programme-makers. An extra £2 million has been allocated to a costlier schedule with fewer repeats and more expensive drama, but I challenge Bannister to disprove the claim that feature and magazine programme producers are working to significantly reduced budgets.

Judith Mackrell sees East meet West at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall

## Asia minor



Tim Ashley gets a new perspective on Mahler's Sixth — and half regrets it

## Mahler games

## THE LETDOWN

The first thing you notice about Seiji Ozawa's performance of Mahler's Sixth Symphony is that it's very, very long. In most concerts, it follows the interval and runs for about an hour and 20 minutes; Ozawa does it on its own, and you realise, as he sweeps into the opening with measured, hieratic grandeur that you're going to be in your seat for over an hour and a half.

The next thing you notice is a clarity of timbre and texture that you don't usually get with Mahler. Words like "sensual" and "gorgeous" don't automatically come to mind when he is mentioned, and are among the last adjectives you would normally apply to the Sixth, which was written in 1904. It has a reputation for tragic density and a queasy nihilism, prophetic of the miserable century that it virtually ushered in.

That such epithets do apply here, however, is the result of the

## THE FUSION

Shobana Jeyasingh and Wayne McGregor may not seem obvious collaborators. Her background is classical south Asian Bharata natyam, while his imagination is wired into cyberspace and club culture. Yet Jeyasingh's decision to commission a work from him makes an odd kind of sense. Both choreographers delight in the most formal puzzles of dance. Both are fascinated by small detail. And Jeyasingh is always willing to share her dancers, to see what other artists will do with them.

McGregor's *Intense* (set to Andy Cowton's electronic score) has a radical effect on her six Asian women dancers. Their demeanour is suddenly both stinkier and edgier — less high minded than they generally appear. Their arms and spines are more liquidly sinuous. And while McGregor gives them recognisable elements from Bharata natyam to dance, these are connected with a flickering, slithering speed or else slowed to quivering stillness.

At moments, both effects are breathtaking. A couple of trice dazzle with their luminous trickery, while a solo close to the end moves with eerie calm through the whine and drive of the music. But ultimately the gulf between styles proves more disabling than inspir-

ing. However committed the dancers are, they're not trained to do all that McGregor asks. Their backs aren't mobile enough, nor their legs sufficiently light and free — and with these restrictions his invention lacks its usual range. The risk was worth taking but it isn't a triumph.

Jeyasingh's own *Intimacies Of A Third Order* is performed within the same sculptural design as *Intense*: suspended Perspex rectangles that look like pieces from a giant puzzle tossed

into the air. The dancers often reflect these shapes with their angled, interlocking limbs. But where Jeyasingh used to create large clear patterns, she now opts for a more strident energy. Though she still touches classical base with some sharply delineated Indian dance, much of the choreography is freer and funkier, with the transitions between moves handled more roughly.

This shift between past and future is reflected in Richard Gordon's score, sections of which

sound like Purcell, bent and echoed as if blown through a wind tunnel, while others are layered with driving saxophone and electric guitar. These combinations are bright and pleasing — but they're only temporary intimacies that make the distinct imaginative world that makes the best of Jeyasingh's works linger long after they're over.

Touring to Leicester, Preston, Manchester and Brecon in April. Details: 0171-383 3252.

## THE TEMPEST

by William Shakespeare

## 'Unmissable'

Sunday Times

'David Calder's Prospero confirms him as one of the great Shakespearians... outstanding'

Sunday Times

'mysterious and tantalising'

Sunday Times

'Adrian Noble's dream-like production is fresh, lucid and authoritative'

Sunday Telegraph

'visually sumptuous'

Sunday Telegraph

Also playing in the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

by William Shakespeare

'Gregory Doran's spectacular production' Evening Standard  
'Philip Voss is a superb Shylock' Sunday Telegraph

THIS PRODUCTION IS SPONSORED BY LAPHROGS

## TWELFTH NIGHT

by William Shakespeare

'A seriously enchanting production...Helen Schlesinger...amongst the best I have seen' Sunday Times

THIS PRODUCTION IS SPONSORED BY CITICORP

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE

by William Shakespeare

RSC Associate Michael Boyd directs Shakespeare's controversial play about sex and power

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# Uttoxeter card

ROM COX	TOP FORM
12.45 1.15 2.20 2.55 3.25 4.00	Carlingford Gale Beggars Banquet Beggars Banquet Beggars Banquet Beggars Banquet Beggars Banquet

Left-handed catch of 16m with 170yds run-in. Easy lands and only a few unobtrusive. Long distance travellers: Ballyhen (3.25) and Coppernutt (12.45) W Kemp, Bordes, 237.

Seven day winners: None.

Blindfold first time: 2.20 Top Jasin, Viscous Nere.

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. F, Flat.

## 12.45 EBF TATTERSALLS MARES NOVICE H'CAP CHASE

101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
12.45	1.15	2.20	2.55	3.25	4.00	4.35	4.70	5.05	5.40
101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110

1.15 TOTE NOVICES' HANDICAP CHASE FINAL

201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210
1.15	1.30	1.45	1.60	1.75	1.90	2.05	2.20	2.35	2.50
201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210
201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210

1.45 ENL WORLDWIDE EXPRESS HANDICAP HURDLE

301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310
1.45	1.60	1.75	1.90	2.05	2.20	2.35	2.50	2.65	2.80
301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310
301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310

2.20 MAINTON'S PEDIGREE MIDLANDS GRAND NATIONAL HANDICAP CHASE

401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410
2.20	2.35	2.50	2.65	2.80	2.95	3.10	3.25	3.40	3.55
401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410
401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410

2.55 EXTERIOR PROFILES NOVICE HURDLE

501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509	510
2.55	2.70	2.85	3.00	3.15	3.30	3.45	3.60	3.75	3.90
501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509	510
501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509	510

3.25 LADROCKE HANDICAP CHASE

601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609	610
3.25	3.40	3.55	3.70	3.85	4.00	4.15	4.30	4.45	4.60
601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609	610
601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609	610

4.00 WEATHERBY'S TURF NEWSPAPERS NOVICE HURDLE

701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709	710
4.00	4.15	4.30	4.45	4.60	4.75	4.90	5.05	5.20	5.35
701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709	710
701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709	710

4.35 JAMES FLETCHER MARQUEES HANDICAP CHASE

801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809	810
4.35	4.50	4.65	4.80	4.95	5.10	5.25	5.40	5.55	5.70
801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809	810
801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809	810

5.20 BUNSFILM NOVICE HURDLE

901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909	910
5.20	5.35	5.50	5.65	5.80	5.95	6.10	6.25	6.40	6.55
901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909	910
901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909	910

2.10 BUNSFILM NOVICE HURDLE

1001	1002	1003	1004	1005	1006	1007	1008	1009	1010
2.10	2.25	2.40	2.55	2.70	2.85	3.00	3.15	3.30	3.45
1001	1002	1003	1004	1005	1006	1007	1008	1009	1010
1001	1002	1003	1004	1005	1006	1007	1008	1009	1010

2.45 TRIPLEPRINT NOVICE CHASE

1101	1102	1103	1104	1105	1106	1107	1108	1109	1110
2.45	2.60	2.75	2.90	3.05	3.20	3.35	3.50	3.65	3.80
1101	1102	1103	1104	1105	1106	1107	1108	1109	1110
1101	1102	1103	1104	1105	1106	1107	1108	1109	1110

## Racing

# Una's Choice has right pedigree for beer race

Ron Cox

DESPITE the defeat of Dorcas Pride, it has been a good week for the Irish at Cheltenham and further success awaits at Uttoxeter today when Una's Choice can prove the pick of a four-strong Irish challenge in the Harston Pedigree Midlands Grand National.

Direct pointers to the great race itself in two weeks' time at Aintree may be thin on the ground, as trainer Francis Flood withdrew Una's Choice at this week's latest acceptance stage — hardly surprising given the 10-year-old's long handicap mark of 8st 6lb. But Una's Choice looks well treated in this afternoon's marathon. He showed improved form to win a valuable event at Leopardstown in January and was still in touch when parting company with his rider four out in the Thyestes Chase next time.

Una's Choice (2.20) shapes like an out-and-out stayer and can give the Irish their third



Hobbs... double chance



Carberry... Banquet hid

win in this race since 1992. Another excuse was the 1996 winner and did not fare too badly at Downpatrick last time, though held by Miss Orchestra on that running. Dom Samourai, the ab-conquering Martin Pipe stable, is much-improved but he is on the small side to be shouldering 11st 11lb over four and a quarter miles.

The aptly-named Kamikaze will be one they all have to beat if he puts in a clear round, but that is a pretty big if. He fell at the last fence when clear in the Tote Novice Final on this card a year ago, and again came a cropper here last month when poised to win the race eventually won by Ottowa. Paul Carberry rides an-

## Maguire hopeful of early return

Ken Oliver

ADRIAN MAGUIRE could be back in action before the end of next month. Fears that the luckless jump jockey would be sidelined for the rest of the season receded yesterday when it emerged that the injuries he suffered as a fall at Cheltenham on Thursday were not as bad as feared. The Irishman left hospital yesterday and could be back in the saddle in time for the Whitbread Gold Cup Handicap Chase at Sandown on April 25.

"Adrian is going to be all right," said his agent Robert Parsons. "He has broken a collarbone and suffered a concussion but everything else is clear. If all goes well, he could be back in time for the Whitbread." Maguire suffered his injuries when Zafadi fell in the Grand Annual Chase at the Festival, a meeting he had missed for the previous three years. He has already endured two significant spells on the sidelines this term, missing a fortnight's racing after fracturing the radius in his right arm after fall-

ing from Mulligan at Sandown in early December and was then out of action for seven weeks after fracturing a wrist in a fall on Hurricane Lamp at Kempton. The Tote is entering into spread betting in order to follow fixed-odds rivals Ladbrokes and Hill's, who both have spread-betting divisions. The Tote is looking up with Sporting Index. Peter Jones, the Tote chairman, explained: "Spread betting is an important area within the betting market, particularly among our higher-staking customers."

## Newcastle programme

ROM COX	TOP FORM
2.00 2.30 2.45 3.05 3.20 3.35	Wynyard Knight Wynyard Knight Wynyard Knight Wynyard Knight Wynyard Knight Wynyard Knight

Left-handed catch of 16m with 220yds run-in. Steady rise in home straight of 4f makes this

Going: Good, good to firm in places. + Donates bikers.

Long distance travellers: Forest Boy (2.00) M Bodey, Oon, 276 miles; Go For The Doctor (3.05) M McKinnon, Staffs, 192 miles.

Seven day winners: None.

Blindfolded at first time: None.

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. F, Flat.

## 2.00 WELCOME TO GOSFORTH PARK NOVICE HURDLE

100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109
2.00	2.15	2.30	2.45	2.60	2.75	2.90	3.05	3.20	3.35
100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109
100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109

2.30 JAMES FLETCHER MARQUEES HANDICAP CHASE

200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209
2.30	2.45	2.60	2.75	2.90	3.05	3.20	3.35	3.50	3.65
200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209
200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209

2.45 BUNSFILM NOVICE HURDLE

300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309
2.45	2.60	2.75	2.90	3.05	3.20	3.35	3.50	3.65	3.80
300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309
300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309

2.10 BUNSFILM NOVICE HURDLE

400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409
2.10	2.25	2.40	2.55	2.70	2.85	3.00	3.15	3.30	3.45
400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409
400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409

2.45 TRIPLEPRINT NOVICE CHASE

500	501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509
2.45	2.60	2.75	2.90	3.05	3.20	3.35	3.50	3.65	3.80
500	501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509
500	501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509

2.10 BUNSFILM NOVICE HURDLE

600	601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609
2.10	2.25	2.40	2.55	2.70	2.85	3.00	3.15	3.30	3.45
600	601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609
600	601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609

2.45 TRIPLEPRINT NOVICE CHASE

700	701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709
2.45	2.60	2.75	2.90	3.05	3.20	3.35	3.50	3.65	3.80
700	701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709
700	701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709

2.10 BUNSFILM NOVICE HURDLE

800	801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809
2.10	2.25	2.40	2.55	2.70	2.85	3.00	3.15	3.30	3.45
800	801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809
800	801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809

2.45 TRIPLEPRINT NOVICE CHASE

900	901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909
2.45	2.60	2.75	2.90	3.05	3.20	3.35	3.50	3.65	3.80
900	901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909
900	901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909

2.10 BUNSFILM NOVICE HURDLE

1000	1001	1002	1003	1004	1005	1006	1007	1008	1009
2.10	2.25	2.40	2.55	2.70	2.85	3.00	3.15	3.30	3.45
1000	1001	1002	1003	1004	1005	1006	1007	1008	1009
1000	1001	1002	1003	1004	1005	1006	1007	1008	1009

2.45 TRIPLEPRINT NOVICE CHASE

1100	1101	1102	1103	1104	1105	1106	1107	1108	1109
2.45	2.60	2.75	2.90	3.05	3.20	3.35	3.50	3.65	3.80
1100	1101	1102	1103	1104	1105	1106	1107	1108	1109
1100	1101	1102	1103	1104	1105	1106	1107	1108	1109



## 20 SPORTS NEWS

### Boxing

# King upsets Prince deal

John Rawling

THE considerable persuasive powers of Britain's leading promoter Frank Warren may be needed to save Naseem Hamed's world featherweight title unification contest against Wilfredo Vazquez.

Boxing politics and the behind-the-scenes manoeuvring of Warren's promotional agency Don King may be conspiring against the fight, which tops a triple world championship bill at Manchester's Nynex Arena on April 18.

Although the signature of the 37-year-old WBA champion is in place for the Hamed contest, Puerto Rican newspapers were suggesting yesterday that Vazquez will instead defend his title on April 3 on a King show against the WBA No. 1 challenger Antonio Cotto.

Pressure is being brought to bear on Vazquez from all sides. Nine days ago he told a London news conference that a Hamed fight would mean more to him than money, but he was "realising an ambition".

Since then the WBA has said he could be stripped of his title if he meets Hamed, and the WBO has said it is reluctant to work with the WBA to sanction a unification contest.

Vazquez had said he would readily relinquish his title to pick up the biggest pay cheque of his career, believed to be around \$400,000 (\$240,000), to meet Hamed. But that was before King made his move.

King had been prepared to pay Vazquez \$200,000 to defend his title, but he is understood to have made a more improved bid. His desire to scupper Warren's plans will doubtless have played as large a part in his actions as any increased desire to bolster the fighter's financial security.

Vazquez's manager Felix Zabala has been quoted as "not wishing to jeopardise his friendship" with King.

Warren states categorically that Hamed-Vazquez will go ahead. "His name is on the contract," he said in colour, "and he wants the fight and it will happen with or without the WBA title being at stake."

But Vazquez's legal team was more coy last night. A spokesman stopped short of confirming the contest, saying: "Something more definite will be known in two to three days."

### The final Test



Under the weather... spectators take shelter from the heavy rain that affected the first day of the Antigua Test yesterday

PHOTOGRAPH: WALLIE ALLEN

## How Dem Say E Nar Go Done—OK?

Matthew Engel reports from St John's where a Test is a unique celebration of national genius and, this time, national gloating

AMONG the T-shirts on sale at the ground here, and being snapped up by British tourists, was one reading How Dem Say E Nar Go Done? This is Antigua for I Told You So.

And the fact is that, as they said, local know-how and can-do did manage to produce a pitch for the Test, even though at the start of this series the square was a building site.

It is actually a rotten pitch, like the beach in texture as well as colour, and not a million miles away from being dangerous. I thought I saw umpire Steve Bucknor flinch even more than Mike Atherton when the fifth ball of the day evidently hit through the soft crust of the surface before the unexpected Atherton's forearm.

As Bucknor well knew, the masses might not react plegmatically if another Test had to be abandoned because of an unsafe pitch. I refer of course to the lumpy mass of British tourists, rather than the Antiguanians. But for everyone, far more is at stake than there ever was in Jamaica, a country that was mildly embarrassed when the Test was called off two months ago. A repetition here would be a serious national disaster.

The main factor against the match being called off is that it is something we have now anticipated. And the characteristic, and the glory, of this series is that the unexpected has been around every corner.

The upset, though, may well be the result anyone might have guessed at before the start: a narrow series win for West Indies.

What matters most now is that Antigua does not disgrace itself. This is a country where cricket is no diversion: it represents the genius of the place. And it is all very new: yesterday it was possible to see Andy Roberts, 25 years ago the world's fastest bowler, now a bit greying and grizzled, walking round the back of the Andy Roberts Stand.

The most famous Antiguan cricketers are cricketers: Richie Richardson, Curtly Ambrose. They are rivalled only by the boxer Maurice Hope (who went away) and the Bird family, who stay on forever, running the government in a manner that is generally held not to be cricket.

But cricket began tourism and tourism began cash, and it seems the Birds are able to do what they like provided they don't do it in the streets and frighten the goats and chickens. But on the back of cricket their island became famous.

The music at the ground comes from Trinidad; the fast food from the US; the bottled water from Grenada; the whisky from the bars from the UK, like most Antiguan Test retains a quality of its own.

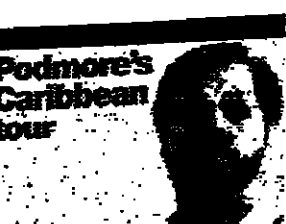
The ground has grown too big for its own boots. The new stands are impressive but at the back, when it's raining, there is hardly any room to move. When he opened the new stand on Thursday, Lester Bird, the prime minister, pledged that the ground would soon be "second to none" in the world. But really, that's nonsense: the site, in the middle of St John's, is too small. The rain was on: just cricket, for instance.

The money ought to be spent on a new stadium. The game matters enough to make it worth the government's while.

The atmosphere, though, is second-to-none. Yesterday in the rain Chickie's disco defied, as ever, occasional official attempts to shut it up so there could be some sort of announcement. But Chickie had problems of his own: he was competing with a band playing hub cap and other automotive debris.

The big mystery remained. Where was Gravy? The Danny La Rue of Test cricket has been providing entertainment in a series of outrageous frocks on this ground for years. There was a sign saying he would retire in 2000. But there was no sign of him. Possibly, the rain would have made his mascara run. Perhaps he was waiting for a time when there was no rain on: just cricket, for instance.

## Trigger finger lets umpires call the shots



Podmore's Caribbean tour

IN THE light of one or two recent controversial decisions both out here and on the sub-continent no one can be in any doubt about what the hardest job in world cricket is. And that's how do you get the ball to be the third umpire as opposed to having to stand out in the middle of the whole day, being abused by all and sundry.

Dave Podmore's views on umpire protection are well known and I understand that my recommendations for issuing all match officials with semi-automatic firearms are being looked on favourably at Lord's — although I realise they've got a lot on their plates at the moment dealing with the whingers from the Pro-life brigade. I dunno, one minute they're demanding to be admitted to the Long Room, the next they want to stay at home and have babies. I wish they'd make up their minds.

Umpires place themselves at great personal peril and the way I see it a small bulge in the jacket and a slight risk of accidents is not too high a price to pay for peace of mind. And anyway most first-class grounds boast a St John ambulance with two blokes who never have anything else to do with apart from the odd Thermos injury.

Unfortunately, violence and intimidation are increasingly a feature of the international game. It's sad when someone as respected as Wasim Akram says he's afraid to go out of the house without a gun, although I doubt that's why he lives in Manchester since the same thing. And it's doubly sad when his team-mates in Johannesburg run the risk of being assaulted just for enjoying a normal night out at a disco (or clip joint, as the case may be).

There were the two disgraceful incidents during the recent Barbados Test: one when Mister Lara viciously criticised Stewie for claiming a catch off a bump ball, the other when Philo Wallace and Clayton Lambert cynically persisted in hitting Angus Fraser all round the park in

flagrant contravention of the rules of sportsmanship. All of which carryings-on are very good reasons for an umpire to get himself out of the firing line and up behind the protective glass of that little box at the top of the pavilion, feet up in front of the telly with a complimentary Cable and Wireless picnic hamper by your side — what could be better? Third umpiring has to be the top job in the international sports arena right now.

By and large you're sat there relaxing in comfort like a Roman emperor in olden times, except they didn't have a channel changer in those days obviously.

Nigel Flew told me that the last time he was third-umpiring out in New Zealand, he managed to catch several editions of One Man And His Dog which he'd missed in the Seventies — and what's more they were as good as ever.

And if you're busy surfing some of the more exotic satellite channels being beamed in from Malaysia and happen to miss the replay of a disputed run-out, or if for any other reason you find yourself making a piss-hole decision, not to worry. There's always a match referee who'll back you up and tell the press it was just one of those unfortunate things that sometimes happen in this great game of cricket.

It's all too easy to overlook the superb range of opportunities which international umpiring offers. George Sharp, for example, could have made an absolute mint for his company GSD Loans Ltd when the pitch was being laid out here in Antigua. Instead, he mysteriously opted for a spell in India, sweating cobs and hacking off the Waugh twins with his extravagant use of the finger.

You wouldn't catch Pod passing up a golden chance like that. That's why I've made myself available to be on the third umpire's panel. No one's got more experience under their belt than myself.

The new Britannic Assurance season is nearly upon us and D V Podmore has yet to finalise terms with another cricket board to umpiring gig far through. Court secretaries please note that calls to my mobile are being diverted out here.

So sorry Mum, but would you mind not phoning me for a Mother's Day chat tomorrow as Northants might be trying to get through.

### Wolverhampton (A.W.)

ROW	COX	TOP FORM
7.00	Imperial Prince	Malcolm Day
7.30	Prix de l'Est	Big Bang
8.00	Dorset's Paddy	Dorset's Paddy
8.30	Imperial Prince	Imperial Prince
9.00	Imperial Prince	Imperial Prince
9.30	Imperial Prince	Imperial Prince

7.00	BLARNEY STONE MEDIAN AUCTION MAIDEN STAKES
1st	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
2nd	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
3rd	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
4th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
5th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
6th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)

7.30	LEPPERSHAM CLAIMING LIMITED STAKES
1st	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
2nd	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
3rd	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
4th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
5th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
6th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)

8.00	ST PATRICK HANDICAP 3YO
1st	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
2nd	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
3rd	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
4th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
5th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
6th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)

8.30	STORMONT LIMITED STAKES
1st	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
2nd	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
3rd	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
4th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
5th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
6th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)

9.00	SHAMROCK SELLING STAKES
1st	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
2nd	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
3rd	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
4th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
5th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
6th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)

9.30	EMERALD ISLE HANDICAP
1st	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
2nd	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
3rd	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
4th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
5th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)
6th	117yds £2,336 (6 declared)

COURSE SPECIALISTS	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
Jockey	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th
2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th

### India v Australia

Second Test, third day

## Azharuddin savages Australia

AUSTRALIA'S status as the world's leading team was looking as secure as batting on a Jamaican wicket yesterday. In the second Test in Calcutta India's batsmen have discovered a pitch some what more benign and they declared their first innings on a massive 633 for five yesterday.

It left Australia a daunting 400 runs behind. At the end of the third day they were facing defeat in the Test and defeat in the series, having scored 38 for the loss of their opener Michael Slater.

India declared after tea with their captain Mohammad Azharuddin on 163 not out. It was his first three figure score in six Tests at Eden Gardens.

Azharuddin, who gave only one chance, hit 18 fours and three towering sixes in a stylish 163 not out. He was the only Indian batsman to score a hundred after five of his team-mates scored half-centuries.

His luck held good shortly before lunch when Shane Warne dropped him at extra cover off the bowling of Michael Kasprowicz. The leg-spinner Warne ended with figures he would rather forget — no wickets for 147.

AUSTRALIA First innings 325 (5 wickets) 1st Innings 325 (5 wickets) 1st Innings 325 (5 wickets) 1st Innings 325 (5 wickets) 1st Innings 325 (5 wickets) 1st Innings 325 (5 wickets)

1st Innings	2nd Innings	3rd Innings	4th Innings	5th Innings	6th Innings
1st Innings	2nd Innings	3rd Innings	4th Innings	5th Innings	6th Innings
1st Innings	2nd Innings	3rd Innings	4th Innings	5th Innings	6th Innings
1st Innings	2nd Innings	3rd Innings	4th Innings	5th Innings	6th Innings
1st Innings	2nd Innings	3rd Innings	4th Innings	5th Innings	6th Innings
1st Innings	2nd Innings	3rd Innings	4th Innings	5th Innings	6th Innings

### S Africa v S Lanka

First Test, second day

## Ntini pays high price for his big moment

MAKHAYA NTINI, the first black African to play for South Africa in a Test match, halted a Sri Lankan run charge yesterday when he dismissed the aggressive Ravindra de Silva for 77 on the second day of the first Test in Cape Town. Sri Lanka were 212 for five in their first innings at close of play in reply to South Africa's 418.

Before claiming his prized wicket the 29-year-old Ntini had seen De Silva hammer his bowling as he consistently pitched the ball too short. He finished with one for 57 from 10 overs but enjoyed his moment of glory when De Silva gloved a ball to the wicket.

De Silva, who scored his runs off 88 balls and hit 13 fours, dominated a third-wicket stand of 129 in 118 minutes with the opener Marvan Atapattu, who went on to make 60.

De Silva came to the crease when Sri Lanka were 36 for five and the match swung South Africa's way again when he had gone as the left-arm spinner Paul Adams dismissed Arjuna Ranatunga for 20 and Atapattu with successive balls.

Earlier the South Africa all-rounder Shaun Pollock had made 92, his highest Test score.

SOUTH AFRICA First innings 418 (5 wickets) 1st Innings 418 (5 wickets) 1st Innings 418 (5 wickets) 1st Innings 418 (5 wickets) 1st Innings 418 (5 wickets) 1st Innings 418 (5 wickets)

1st Innings	2nd Innings	3rd Innings	4th Innings	5th Innings	6th Innings
1st Innings	2nd Innings	3rd Innings	4th Innings	5th Innings	6th Innings
1st Innings	2nd Innings	3rd Innings	4th Innings	5th Innings	6th Innings
1st Innings	2nd Innings	3rd Innings	4th Innings	5th Innings	6th Innings
1st Innings	2nd Innings	3rd Innings	4th Innings	5th Innings	6th Innings
1st Innings	2nd Innings	3rd Innings	4th Innings	5th Innings	6th Innings

### Weekend fixtures

1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division

1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division

1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division

1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division

1st Division	2nd Division	3rd Division	4th Division	5th Division	6th Division
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Five Nations

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call the shot

## Five Nations Championship

### Murrayfield teams

Scotland	England
1. Blair (Edinburgh)	1. Armstrong (Leeds)
2. Brown (Glasgow)	2. Beattie (Leeds)
3. Davidson (Glasgow)	3. Beattie (Leeds)
4. Davidson (Glasgow)	4. Beattie (Leeds)
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10. Davidson (Glasgow)	10. Beattie (Leeds)
11. Davidson (Glasgow)	11. Beattie (Leeds)
12. Davidson (Glasgow)	12. Beattie (Leeds)
13. Davidson (Glasgow)	13. Beattie (Leeds)
14. Davidson (Glasgow)	14. Beattie (Leeds)
15. Davidson (Glasgow)	15. Beattie (Leeds)

### Scotland v England

# England smart for nine in a row

## Robert Armstrong expects Scotland to pay further for their Slam dunk of 1990

LAWRENCE Dallaglio yesterday issued the usual diplomatic sound-bites about giving England's opponents respect, yet it was hard to believe his team expect anything other than a ninth successive victory over the Scots.

Scotland, since their 1990 Grand Slam, have paid a heavy price for beating England 13-7 that year, so much so that the game's oldest international fixture has lost its traditional spirit.

Dallaglio has no reason for genuine anxiety about playing at Murrayfield tomorrow, having shared in England's 18-9 win there two years ago. The Northampton half-backs Matt Dawson and Paul Grayson, who are among seven survivors from the 1996 line-up, also have happy memories of Murrayfield: Dawson serviced a rampant English pack in brilliant style and Grayson set a ground record

for England with six penalty goals.

Taking his cue from the captain, England's forwards coach John Mitchell warned that Murrayfield would be "a very difficult environment" and his side faced a potential "ambush" organised by that wily old fox Jim Telfer.

England's most obvious shortcoming in this fixture is their reliance on penalties rather than tries, having scored only three in their last nine visits. Still, statistics from previous matches also show that Scotland tend to spend much of the 80 minutes playing without the ball because England dominate the set pieces and clean up in the loose.

## The Scots may have to settle for making at least 100 tackles

Scotland also have quick-witted backs who can exploit momentary gaps and available space on the flanks. The fly-half Craig Chalmers's vast international experience of 58 caps is often a major asset in this fixture. Gregor Townsend, enjoying a new sense of freedom at centre, will be eager to upstage his Lions team-mate Jeremy Guscott, and, probably most sig-

nificant, the full-back Derrick Lee has brought another dimension with his exciting long-range strikes.

However, England's collective firepower is likely to overwhelm the instinctive gifts of the Scots, who may have to settle for making at least 100 tackles.

England's biggest enemy after their record 60-25 victory over Wales might be complacency, though Mitchell insists their mental preparation has been good. Nevertheless, Clive Woodward began talking about winning the World Cup after a single win.

The England coach has had to make four changes but none really weakened the team: indeed, the return of Dawson may increase England's options around the fringes and provide a more direct line of attack through the midfield.

Unlike the beleaguered Scots, England have substitutes of proven ability on hand each time a top player has to drop out. That is the true measure of the widening gap in quality between England and the Celta.

# Making up the Lee way with invention

Ian Malin meets Scotland's bright new full-back who knows how to calculate a risk

DERRICK LEE's international career is not so much in its infancy as at the toddler stage. But in barely six weeks the London Scottish full-back has grown up fast.

It has been a bumpy learning curve, though. After Scotland's 19-13 defeat by Wales at Wembley a fortnight ago Lee spent the Saturday night in a London hotel bedroom watching television, an ice-pack strapped to his shin. Joining his team-mates for the after-match meal would have meant an evening on crutches.

The 24-year-old Lee had limped off after half an hour when his leg was trapped beneath a ruck. It was a painful game. Earlier he had clashed heads with Neil Jenkins, Wales's fly-half left the field with a cut so close to his eye it could not be stitched.

The incident was the turning-point of the game. Jenkins was replaced by Arwel Thomas, whose bolder fly-half play allowed Wales to bring their dangerous backs into the game. Lee left the field minutes after the collision and Scotland probably missed him more than Wales did the more conservative Jenkins.

Allan Bateman, the Wales centre, was to win the Man of the Match award for his swashbuckling display. If Lee had stayed on he might have been in contention. From the kick-off by Jenkins he ran the ball from his own 22. For half an hour his boldness from the back inspired the Scotland backs to stretch Wales across the width of Wembley.

Lee has followed in the boot-

steps of Gavin Hastings but pundits north of the border have been quick to compare him to Andy Irvine, the finest of all attacking Scottish full-backs, for his elusive, unpredictable style. He and Matt Perry, his opposite number at Murrayfield tomorrow, were unknowns when Scotland and England met a year ago. But both are exciting runners who can turn the course of a game.

That gloomy Saturday night two weeks ago could not have been more of a contrast to the evening that followed Lee's debut in Dublin a month earlier, brief though it was. He had replaced Rowen Shepherd with three minutes remaining when the Scots were clinging to their 17-16 lead. Lee had not touched the ball when, in injury-time, a garrulous from David Humphreys was lofted towards the Scottish posts.

In the parlance of Bill McLaren, "the ball came down with snow on it". Fearlessly beneath the snowball was Lee. He gritted his teeth, clung on, made the mark and cleared joyously to touch. The game ended and he was engulfed.

"It was the first time I had played in front of that amount of people. The noise was unbelievable. Fielding the ball was not too difficult. What I was worried about was making sure I found touch."

"We really celebrated that night. I think I had a good time. The last I remember was Doddie Weir throwing me around in the street like a caber."

"After we were heavily beaten by France a fortnight later we were all fairly devast-



Mark of valour... Derrick Lee, sporting a black eye, is growing up fast on the international stage. PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK BARNON

## Ear-bite prop Yates is fined by his club Bath

THE Bath prop Kevin Yates, banned for six months after the London Scottish flanker Simon Fenn had his ear bitten in a scrum in January, has been fined an undisclosed sum by his club.

A club statement last night made clear that the management considered that their action finally drew a line under the affair. But Yates is still considering a High Court appeal against the Rugby Football Union ban.

Scotland completed an A team Grand Slam at Inverleith yesterday when they destroyed a woeful England 42-14, avenging last season's even more crushing 53-17 defeat. The England second team have not won a game all season.

Duncan Hodge was the architect of the victory, the Watsonians fly-half scoring 17 points. The centre David Offner scored two tries and two tries, the wing John Kerr and Hodge all crossed the England line. The French referee Gerard Borreani also awarded Scotland a 31st-minute penalty try for deliberate offside.

Rich Bateman, the Bath fly-half, scored three penalties for outclassed England and the Richmond wing Dominic Chapman a late try.

Having used several substitutes, England ended the match with the Saracens hooker George Chuter as an emergency left-wing. It summed up their shambolic afternoon.

Meanwhile Arwel Thomas, the fly-half dropped from Wales's first team, scored an outstanding try, selling ducks to Killian Byrne and Gabriel Fulcher, and kicked 17 points as Wales beat Ireland 42-27 at Limerick's Thomond Park.

## Athletics

### Kenyan venture fourth cross-country title for Tergat

Duncan Mackay in Marrakech

PAUL TERGAT has already won his fourth consecutive world cross-country championship here this weekend, in Kenyan eyes anyway, on an emerald-green oasis of a course dug out of the Moroccan desert and set against the beautiful backdrop of the snow-covered Atlas mountains.

Tergat, whose first victory came in Durban three years ago, is again his country's No. 1, which for Kenyans is usually merely the prelude to winning the world championship. Since 1986 only Morocco's Khalid Sahnou has managed to prevent a Kenyan winning the individual title in the 10-kilometre race, and in the team event during that period no country has put the brakes on the Kenyan juggernaut.

No British man has won

since Ian Stewart in 1975, the last time those championships were held in Morocco. A victory tomorrow would make even David's win over Gollath look like a minor upset.

The world has become accustomed to Kenyans setting the pace in cross-country, many to have a natural gift. But Tergat, 28, says it is a myth that their prowess is a consequence of life at altitude, simple food, a lifestyle without the car, and children who cover as much as 20 miles daily, to and from school.

"Every time you read papers and magazines, that's what people say, but it's a myth about young kids running many kilometres to school," he said. "In my case, home to school was just 800 metres."

Tergat is an exception because most of his colleagues come from the agricultural Eldoret region and he is the only international to hail from Kabarnet, an industrialised town of some 100,000 people. His father owned a car and Tergat works with computers.

Kenyan athletes are rarely comfortable with the exposure their success brings, but Tergat is at home with the press. When based at his training camp in Italy he keeps in touch with current affairs by reading the Guardian every day.

He insists he is nothing special and anyone could achieve what he has through hard work. "No man has two hearts," he said. "There is no secret except work, very hard work."

It is a lesson Britain's Paula Radcliffe has heeded, and she is probably the best bet to prevent African runners winning all six individual titles in a competition which this year, for the first time, will include men's and women's races over 4km and be spread over both days of the weekend. Radcliffe will race over 4km tomorrow after today's 8km.

The Bedford runner finished second last year in Turin, beaten by Ethiopia's Derartu Tulu only in the final seven strides. "I have had some good training in Albuquerque and then in Portugal and am feeling as good as I have ever felt going into this event," she said.

Even temperatures touching 28C (82F) should not affect her. "If you are in good shape of weather," said David Clarke, Britain's team manager. "And Paula is very fit."



Radcliffe... double-header

## Motor Racing

### Last chance saloon for Mansell

Alan Henry

NIGEL MANSELL is to make a comeback this season in a three-race programme at the wheel of a Ford Mondeo in selected rounds of the British Touring Car Championship.

The 44-year-old former Formula One and IndyCar champion will race on Tarmac for the first time since he left McLaren-Mercedes after retiring from the 1995 Spanish Grand Prix.

Apart from his one-off ice-racing outing at Chamonix last month, Mansell's only previous appearance

in a touring car came in a 1993 winner-takes-all shoot-out at Donington Park, also in a Mondeo.

On that occasion he lost control under braking for the Old Hairpin, was struck by Tiff Needell's Vauxhall Cavalier and cannoned into a retaining wall. He was knocked unconscious and the wrecked car had to be cut apart to release him.

It is not yet known whether Ford will field a third Mondeo for Mansell or whether one of the two regular drivers, Will Hoy and Craig Baird, will have to stand down for his three races.

## Hockey

### Women's world incentive

Pat Rowley

ENGLAND'S players have secured their last opportunity for a secure selection for the Women's World Cup when they play two internationals against Scotland at Lillieshall this weekend. The World Cup team will be announced on Thursday week.

Scotland, who have already announced their World Cup team, are awarding caps but England see these matches as training and intend to use all 23 squad members except Hilary Ross, who is in the United States. Her absence will give the third-choice goalkeeper

Katy Roberts, of Chelmsford, a chance to impress.

In the circumstances Scotland have a good chance of confirming their higher world ranking, although they have beaten England only once in their last 25 official matches.

Scotland are without their winger Susan Gilmore because of Dutch play-offs, and Diane Rendison is doubtful with a pelvic injury.

The Hockey Rules Board has announced that from July 1 no substitutions can be made for penalty corners, thus ending the era of the corner specialist on the bench. Another change abolishes offside.

## Ice Hockey

### Steelers at melting point

Vic Batchelder

SHEFFIELD STEELERS. Facing eviction on two fronts, must win tonight's second game in their best-of-three Superleague play-off semi-final series with Cardiff Devils.

The defending champions' hopes of reaching next Saturday's final at Manchester's Nynex Arena depend on them overturning the 5-4 overtime defeat in Cardiff on Wednesday.

More talks are planned for Monday on a possible flotation or share issue to resolve the Steelers' financial crisis, with their millionaire owner George Dodds still seeking a buyer 12 months after first putting the club up for sale.

"It looks more and more likely the club will press ahead with a flotation," their general manager Steve Crowther said yesterday.

The other semi-final sees Manchester Storm needing a home win tonight to force a third game against Ayr Scottish Eagles. Storm were yesterday considering lodging a last-minute appeal on behalf of their Swedish defenceman Mikael Wiklander, suspended for two games after collecting a gross misconduct penalty in the 5-3 defeat at Ayr on Wednesday.

Wiklander's suspension comes on top of injuries and departures, and Storm are in danger tonight of incurring a fine for having fewer than the stipulated 15 players available.

## Sailing

### Toshiba makes biggest gain

Bob Fisher

THE fleet has cleared the coast of Brazil, the Whitbread Round the World Race is heading towards the finish of the sixth leg, more than 3,000 miles away in Fort Lauderdale. "It looks like we are lining up for a restart," Paul Cayard said early yesterday when several of the boats were very close.

At that time Cayard's EF Language had George Collins's Cheslie Racing half a mile behind her, to leeward Paul Standbridge's Toshiba was less than a mile straight behind and Knut Frostad's Innovation Kvaerner was five miles ahead to the west.

It was all to change because of the micro-systems which develop in the tropical weather. With Lawrie Smith's Silk Cut leading on the western edge of the fleet and Swedish Match the most easterly, there was the opportunity for either to make big gains. But Toshiba, sailing a more westerly course than the rest, made the biggest.

There was a shuffle of the pack; Silk Cut stayed in front on the leg but her lead was cut by nine miles to just over 2½. Toshiba took a leaf out of Smith's book and gambled on the west; the move brought her a significant gain in the six hours to noon.

Entering the doldrums, the choice of exactly where to cross the belt of calms and squalls will be crucial to success on this leg.

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## Five Nations Championship

## English Archer on target for pointed return

**Robert Armstrong** meets a lock with something to prove at Murrayfield tomorrow

**G**ARATH ARCHER has a point to prove against Scotland. He did not receive a single successful line-out throw when he made his debut at Murrayfield two years ago.

The memory of that afternoon, which saw England grind out an 18-9 victory in a classic stick-it-up-your-jumper contest, still rankles with the 6ft 6in, 19st George who has since become one of the most reliable ball-winners in the business.

Though Archer's Test career was launched by Jack Rowell, the Newcastle forward was overlooked for last year's Five Nations Championship and he missed the

**'The ground shook and the noise hit me physically like a wall'**

summer tour to Argentina with injury. It needed a new coach, Clive Woodward, to get the 23-year-old back in the Test groove: his abrasive skills have made him an ever-present in England's six matches this season, taking his total of caps to eight.

"I remember two things especially about my first international," Archer said. "There was the crowd, Jon Sleght-holme had told me the sound would be awesome and when the Scotland team ran out the whole place erupted, the ground shook and the noise hit me physically like a wall."

The other thing that sticks in my mind is that my own side wouldn't throw me any line-out ball. That was really disappointing because the bread and butter for a second row is always line-out ball.

"Still, Murrayfield is a fabulous place to play rugby and I love the whole atmosphere around the city on the morning of the match. You can hear people shouting at you from outside the hotel and hundreds of Scottish fans have their faces painted blue. I think it's the best feeling I've experienced in the build-up to any major match."

"I'll be playing directly against Daddie Weir in the line out — at Newcastle he jumps at No. 4 while I'm at No. 2 — so this meeting should be fun for both of us. We have a lot of respect for each other. If I can do well against Daddie I'll regard that achievement as highly as anything I've done in rugby."

Probably the most improved international lock in the British Isles this season, Archer is convincing proof that the Premiership offers a direct route into the England team, which can get along nicely without the "second tier" of divisional competition proposed by Fran Cotton.

Indeed, Archer believes his confident all-round game has developed rapidly because of the help he has received from two sources, Newcastle and his England second-row partner Martin Johnson.

"I really enjoy playing alongside Martin because he was a boyhood hero for me from the age of 17," Archer admitted. "I was always watching Martin perform at some level for England and now it's great to be playing as an equal in the same side as him. You always feel it's an honour to have got the chance to play with your hero."

"I would love to get to the status Martin has achieved, record worldwide, not just in England, as a good international player. I'd like people in New Zealand to be saying, 'I'm playing against Archer this weekend'. I'd love to do a Lions tour there and most of all I want to win the World Cup with England."

"It gives me a charge that Dean Ryan has got back into the England team. I'm absolutely delighted because I think he deserves it. Certain people would never give him a second thought because of his reputation, but he's had two great seasons with Newcastle and I think there is no limit to what he can do now for England."

"We've got forwards, like Dean, who have a definite edge to their play. They are out-and-out competitors and not afraid to show their pace occasionally. When the other side knows you have major competitors like that, you've won half the battle before you even step on to the pitch."

Archer is a qualified joiner and a former Royal Signals telegraphist, recently taking up a course in sports massage "to improve my CV". He shoots game and used to be a keen fisherman until I became gully about killing the fish. Much as he enjoys those pastimes though, nothing gives him as much pleasure as messing about with a rugby ball.

Before training I'll go out and chuck the ball around or just dribble it along the ground," he said. "In the changing room you'll find me kicking the ball against the wall and trying out whatever little things come into my mind. I also practise slinky little passes. You never know, I might even give one in a match some day."

"At one stage I even decided to take up goalkicking after watching John Eales of Australia. I took a few lessons with Dave Alred, found I had a bit of a touch for it, and went back to my club and worked at it every day."

"I became fairly good at it but then I had to stop because the kicking was giving me really bad knee ache. I haven't given so much thought to my running and my support work, but I'm working on those areas too. I felt I made progress against Wales, getting the ball in my hands a few times and making some good little runs. Obviously that was a great game to play in. It was my first game for England in which we've scored a whole lot of points and given the other side a trouncing."

Archer's quiet smile suggested Scotland may have to work prodigiously hard to avoid a stiff dose of the same medicine.



Aiming high... Archer gets a lift against Australia

PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK BARON

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## Ireland v Wales

## Favourites fear a green whitewash

**Ian Malin** finds some Irish concerned lest heroic failure breed embarrassing defeat

**G**REAT expectations are a novel experience for Ireland but it will not be merely the Wales XV bearing down on the men in green when Ed Morrison blows his whistle for the kick-off at Lansdowne Road today.

Weighted heavily on Ireland's shoulders will be the fact that Warren Gatland's revitalised team, after their heroic 18-16 defeat in Paris a fortnight ago, are favourites, an unusual position for them even if they have beaten Wales twice in a row. It is not something the Irish particularly relish, as their captain Keith Wood has pointed out. The Harlequins hooker was rounded on back home when he suggested the start of the season that wins over Italy, Scotland and Wales would represent a satisfactory season. That assessment has proved, if anything, over-optimistic. Beaten by the Italians and Scots, Ireland desperately need a win over Wales.

Wood said: "I think it is unrealistic at times, the way expectations can change within the space of a week or two. Everybody was talking about record defeats in Paris, and then after we came pretty close to winning, everyone goes totally over the top."

"There is more pressure on the players because of that but we are trying to keep it within the limits of what we expect of ourselves."

Wood has shaken off the effects of Raphael Ibáñez's right hook in Paris and a subsequent bout of flu to lead his side against a Wales team who also restored some self-belief two weeks ago, with a lucky 15-13 win over Scotland at Wembley. Lucky because the Scots missed several chances to win the game and because Wales might well have conceded a second-half penalty try when Gareth Thomas body-checked Craig Chalmers in the second half.

Wales, though, have backs well able to deflate any overblown expectations from Ireland's supporters. Scott Gibbs will be missing this afternoon with a shoulder injury but Rob Howley, Allan Bateman and Gareth Thomas can prise open the best of defences and the boot of Neil Jenkins will punish any Irish indiscipline.

Gatland, the New Zealander who took over after last month's shock resignation of Ireland's English coach Brian Ashton, was also keeping feet on the ground. "I heard a cou-

ple of players comment that they didn't consider the Welsh to be a big threat, and that was kicked into touch straight away," he said. Wales will miss the physical presence of Gibbs in their midfield but his replacement Leigh Davies already has 16 internationals under his belt and is a good foil to the elusive Bateman, the Man of the Match at Wembley.

Wales's coach, Kevin Bowring said: "I can't wait to unleash Leigh Davies. It is disappointing and unfortunate to lose a British Lion such as Scott but we are extremely fortunate to have a player of Leigh's calibre waiting for his chance. He likes to take on his opposite number and is very adept at putting people into space around him."

The enduring image at Wembley is of Bateman running the ball from behind his own line, twisting and turning past two Scottish tacklers and setting up a Wales attack down the touchline. Whether

the Welsh backs will be given enough ball today is another matter, though.

The underpowered Scottish scrum is not as strong as the Irish eight and it wilted in the final quarter at Wembley. Wood's pack, in which Mal O'Kelly and the New Zealander Andy Ward were outstanding in Paris, looks likely to win an advantage in today's set pieces.

However, it was also noticeable at Wembley that only when Neil Jenkins left the field in the first half, to be replaced by the quixotic Arwel Thomas, did those dangerous Welsh backs receive the passes they craved. The more conservative Jenkins is back at No. 10 today.

Both teams will need to keep their discipline after that first blast on Morrison's whistle. On his last two Saturdays England's leading referee has sent off Martin Corry of Leicester and Richmond's Scott Quinnell.

By the time Morrison's final whistle is heard, Ireland should have secured the win they deserved in Paris. Otherwise a whitewash surely awaits.

## Lansdowne Road teams

Ireland				Wales			
15 Clavin	13 Woodhouse	12 Morgan	11 Hickie	15 Clavin	13 Woodhouse	12 Morgan	11 Hickie
(Toulouse College)	(Wales)	(Edinburgh)	(St Mary's College)	(Toulouse College)	(Wales)	(Edinburgh)	(St Mary's College)
14 Wiggins	13 Woodhouse	12 Morgan	11 Hickie	15 Clavin	13 Woodhouse	12 Morgan	11 Hickie
(Saracens)	(Wales)	(Edinburgh)	(St Mary's College)	(Toulouse College)	(Wales)	(Edinburgh)	(St Mary's College)
7 Ward	8 Costello	6 Corkery	5 O'Kelly	7 Ward	8 Costello	6 Corkery	5 O'Kelly
(Bathurst)	(St Mary's College)	(Bristol)	(London Irish)	(Bathurst)	(St Mary's College)	(Bristol)	(London Irish)
3 P. Wallace	2 Wood	1 Costigan	1 Lewis	3 P. Wallace	2 Wood	1 Costigan	1 Lewis
(Saracens)	(Harlequins/Capt)	(Glasgow)	(Cardiff)	(Saracens)	(Harlequins/Capt)	(Glasgow)	(Cardiff)
4 Vayle	3 Jones	2 Moore	1 Jones	4 Vayle	3 Jones	2 Moore	1 Jones
(Llanelli)	(Gwent)	(Swansea)	(Gwent)	(Llanelli)	(Gwent)	(Swansea)	(Gwent)
10 G. Thomas	12 L. Davies	13 Bateman	14 Probert	10 G. Thomas	12 L. Davies	13 Bateman	14 Probert
(Cardiff)	(Cardiff)	(Richmond)	(Llanelli)	(Cardiff)	(Cardiff)	(Richmond)	(Llanelli)
15 Morgan	13 Woodhouse	12 Morgan	11 Hickie	15 Morgan	13 Woodhouse	12 Morgan	11 Hickie
(Preston)	(Wales)	(Edinburgh)	(St Mary's College)	(Preston)	(Wales)	(Edinburgh)	(St Mary's College)
Ireland substitutes				Wales substitutes			
McCall (London Irish)	Boobyer (Llanelli)	Hayward (Gwent)	John (Pontypridd)	McCall (London Irish)	Boobyer (Llanelli)	Hayward (Gwent)	John (Pontypridd)
Humphreys (London Irish)	Boobyer (Llanelli)	Hayward (Gwent)	John (Pontypridd)	Humphreys (London Irish)	Boobyer (Llanelli)	Hayward (Gwent)	John (Pontypridd)
O'Meara (Cork Constitution)	S Davies (Swansea)	Roy (Pontypridd)	Mustoe (Cardiff)	O'Meara (Cork Constitution)	S Davies (Swansea)	Roy (Pontypridd)	Mustoe (Cardiff)
Clooney (Young Munster)	Poppell (Newcastle)	Needle (Newcastle)	Galwey (Shannon)	Clooney (Young Munster)	Poppell (Newcastle)	Needle (Newcastle)	Galwey (Shannon)
E Miller (Leicester)	E Miller (Leicester)	E Miller (Leicester)	E Miller (Leicester)	E Miller (Leicester)	E Miller (Leicester)	E Miller (Leicester)	E Miller (Leicester)

## Golf

## Woods stands tall against the storms

David Davies at Bay Hill

**T**HE British, it is said, like nothing better than to talk about the weather. The Americans, however, who have a great deal more of it than most, do much more than talk; they have a 24-hour-a-day, seven-days-a-week television channel devoted to nothing but forecasting sunshine or showers.

The Weather Channel is compulsive viewing for some, including one US Tour professional, Marco Dawson, who lists it among his hobbies, along with snook fishing, ultimate fighting and orchids.

The channel has been required watching this week in Florida, as the state has been swept by storms, and yesterday, for the second day in succession, the Bay Hill Invitational ground to a halt. In New Mexico the 17-year-old Spanish amateur Sergio Garcia had a 66 in the first round of a Nike (secondary) Tour event, to be two behind the leader, Garcia, who has won the British Boys' title and is the current Spanish champion, has attracted the nickname of El Nino, so it could all be his fault.

As officials struggled to get the first round completed at Bay Hill, the players were called back to the clubhouse at 1.15pm, with at least half the field unfinished. But Tiger Woods, who was facing a 40-foot eagle putt on the long 12th overnight, managed to birdie that hole and three

more to put together an eight-under-par round of 64 and be the leader in the clubhouse.

He leads by one from the local man Robert Damron, with Steve Stricker on 67. Rick Fehr and John Daly are both four under and in the clubhouse, and on the course Ernie Els was five under with three to play and Davis Love III four under with five to play.

Woods, too, was quite pleased with himself. His 64 was his best start to a tournament since a similar round in the Byron Nelson Classic 11 months ago. "Overall I played

well," he said. "It was nice to convert a few of the chances I made." By that he meant he had holed a few birdie putts, and he even claimed that he had got his putting sorted. How? "Hours and hours on the putting green," he said, winning.

He had also looked at video taken of him in the early part of last year when he was putting well, compared them with his stance and posture now and made the necessary adjustments. He had become crouched over the ball and Woods, to put well, needs to be upright and to use the putter in pendulum fashion.

He was back to that yesterday and may be more dangerous than ever as a result. There are 26 putting days to the Masters.

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## Riley back to his best

Gordon Richardson at Penina

**W**AYNE RILEY, fighting fit again after breaking a rib in a collision with a coffee table, yesterday posted a 65 to move into the lead in the Portuguese Open on 134, 12 under par, here at Le Meridien.

The Australian is two shots ahead of Scotland's Paul Lawrie, whose round of 64 edged him a stroke ahead of David Gifford, who hit a 67, and Peter Mitchell, 70.

Darren Clarke, who was riding high on top of the leaderboard after an opening round of 66, collapsed spectacularly after suffering from a stomach upset. Two three-putts and a four-putt saw him dramatically drop four strokes in his first eight holes.

at Penina in 1982, who squeezed eight birdies into a 66.

Clarke said afterwards: "I nearly didn't play at all and my concentration was badly hit. I won't be eating crab for dinner tonight."

For Riley, after what he described as an horrendous start to the year, things are at last looking up.

The Surrey-based player from Sydney languished low in the top 100 after his first five Tour outings (Thailand, South Africa and the Middle East). But he moved up into the top 10 in Morocco a week ago and yesterday's eighth birdie left him with high hopes of a repeat of his 1996 Portuguese triumph at Aroeira near Lisbon.

Riley, who wields a Torrance-style broom-handle putter, holed from 12 feet, 40 feet and 18 feet to complete his round with the smoothest of birdies.

Lawrie, whose nine-below-par effort did not constitute a new course record with pre-

ferred lies being permitted, collected seven birdies and two eagles, holing from 45 feet for his three at the long 11th and hitting a six-iron to four feet at the last.

Lawrie did not mind being denied the record. "I've been struggling a bit this year," he said, "and this is easily my best round of the year. I've played four tournaments, missing the cut twice, so I'm really pleased with the way I played today."

Mitchell, one behind Clarke overnight, was without his five-iron for six holes because it needed to be repaired after the head worked loose in a bunker. He also battled with slippery grips for most of his round. He believes he would have caught Riley but for "going to sleep" on the five par-fives and managing to birdie only one of them.

But he is still there, alongside Gifford, who holed a soft bunker shot to launch his round with an audacious birdie four after a bad drive and even worse recovery.

She needed not have worried. After four birdies in an opening three-under 70 she was three shots behind the leader Cindy Myers-Currier. She moved to four

under for the tournament after nine holes of the second round to confirm that she was not going to give up the title without a fight.

Having birdied the par-four 5th in the first round, she reduced the 530-yard 10th to a birdie four in the second when she got up and down from a bunker. She dropped a shot at the 13th but immediately got it back with a 20-foot birdie putt at the par-four 14th.

Cheshire's Joanne Morley, in her second season in the United States, shot a two-under 71 to move to one under at the halfway stage. The 31-year-old Solheim Cup player has had a slow start to the season but five birdies ensured she stayed the weekend.

It was, however, a disappointing day for the Solheim Cup Scot Kathryn Marshall. She shot a level-par 72 but, three over on 149, looked likely to miss the cut by a single shot.

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## Results

## Rugby Union

INTERNATIONALS: Ireland 27 Wales 0-21; Scotland 14 England 14

Wales 14 Scotland 14; Wales 14 Scotland 14

Wales 14 Scotland 14; Wales 14 Scotland 14

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Wales 14 Scotland 14; Wales 14 Scotland 14

## Sport in brief

## Rugby League

Keith Senior's appeal against his four-match suspension was rejected yesterday so he will miss Sheffield's Challenge Cup semi-final against Salford next Saturday, writes Andy Wilson. Barrie-Jon Mather, punched by Senior, has not broken his jaw as Castleford feared but still suffers nausea and headaches.

Simon Knox, who made seven Super League appearances for Bradford last season, has returned to his native Cumbria on a month's loan to Whitehaven.

England's Jane Martin upset the seedings when she reached the semi-finals of the Cup Olympics in Antwerp yesterday. The 25-year-old from Newcastle celebrated her climb into the world top 10 by beating Carol Owens, Australia's world No. 5, 9-3, 9-2, 9-3. She is seeded to meet Owens in the second round of the British Open in Birmingham next month.

Martin's semi-final opponent in Antwerp is the top-seeded Australian Michelle Martin, who routed New Zealand's Philippa Beams 9-1, 9-4, 9-6.

Boris Becker, who withdrew from 10 tournaments last year, withdrew from the Lipton Championships in Key Biscayne an hour before his first match yesterday. Becker, who followed his German compatriot Steffi Graf in withdrawing, blamed an undisclosed illness; he has been bothered recently by abdominal and back injuries.

In the first round of the women's singles Jennifer Capriati, still trying to recapture the promise that made years ago, lost 6-0, 7-5 to Poland's top-ranked player Magdalena Grzybowska.

## Football

The former mayor of Sao Paulo, Salim Maluf, has promised a car to each of the members of Brazil's squad if they win the World Cup in France.







24

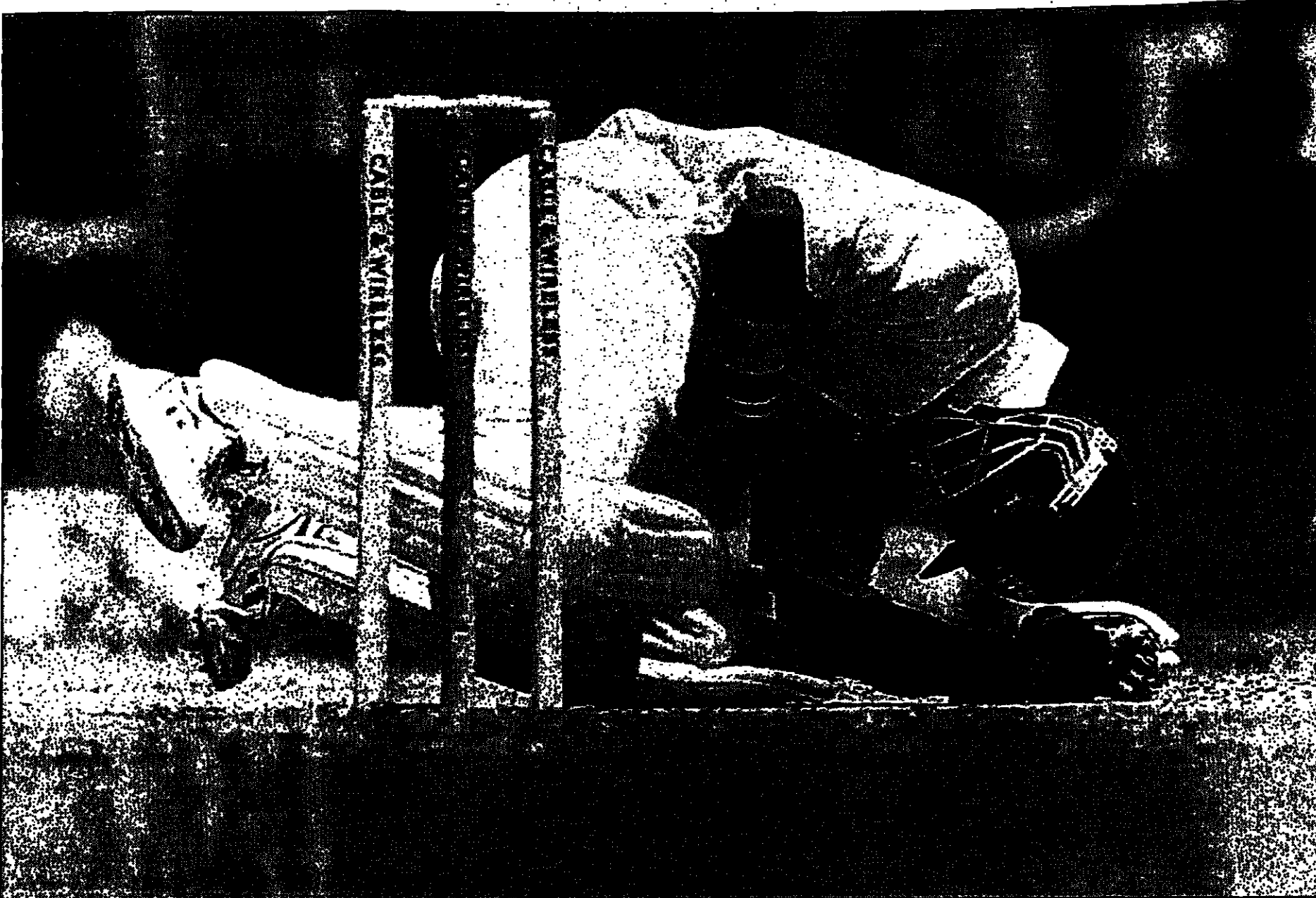


**Pick of the locks**  
The high rise career of Garath Archer 22

# The Guardian Sport

www.westindies98.co.uk

The final Test, first day



Down but not out... the England opener Alec Stewart drops to the ground after being struck on the chest by a delivery from Courtney Walsh

PHOTOGRAPH: MERIAN DOHERTY

## England's new pitch battle

**Mike Selvey** in St John's on how Atherton and Stewart faced the terrors of the track without flinching and were rescued by the rain

**A** SPANKING new game of wind-up was mooted at the Recreation Ground yesterday. It would involve donning a suit of armour, a bullet-proof vest for good measure, swanning into the England dressing-room and in a cheery voice saying, "I see India made 633 for five in Calcutta, then." The next task would be to try to escape alive.

This is where we all came

in. Not to put too fine a point on it, the final Test of a series that has never been without controversy is being played on a muckheap. In all probability it was only the rain showers, which washed away much of the day, which prevented Antigone's new, much-vaunted mega-pitch from providing the England dressing-room with its first impact-fracture of the tour.

The openers Mike Atherton and Alec Stewart never

flinched against the new-ball bowling of Courtney Walsh and Curtly Ambrose. But they would have had every right to. The first ball of the match, very much an exploratory bouncer from Walsh, looped gently over Atherton but dropped short of the wicketkeeper.

The fifth ball, however, was on a length and burst through the crusty surface of the pitch before spitting wickedly at the England captain. Atherton

took the blow on that unprotected part of his left forearm between glove and arm-guard and was fortunate there was no more damage than a bit of bruising and pain.

By the time lunch and the comfort of a few ice packs were reached, 11 overs had been bowled, each delivery being negotiated by the openers as if they were defusing unexploded bombs. Wayne

Morton, the England physiotherapist, had been on and off the field often enough to warrant a season ticket or at least a deckchair by the square-leg umpire. Shortly before the interval Ambrose, from a length barely short of full, almost punched a hole through Stewart's sternum, the blow knocking him to his knees and winding him.

At 25 for no wicket the openers had survived, through a balance of skill and good fortune, rather than an infantryman might have got through a few days on the Somme. They know it cannot last. Atherton had made 13 and Stewart — who had played nine of his finest innings in Jamaica for an undefeated nine of which he was enormously proud — had reached 10 thanks to a pair of involuntary boundaries and a brace of dropped catches.

West Indies cricket, indeed the game in general, can ill afford a repeat of the Sabina Park fiasco when the first Test was abandoned after less than an hour's playing time because the wily Steve Bucknor and Sri Lankan Venkataraghavan judged it too dangerous to continue.

Bucknor was standing at square leg yesterday when Stewart got off the mark in Ambrose's first over with a four to five leg as he fended off with his gloves another delivery that threatened to tear out his throat. Immediately the umpire turned up the collar on his coat and hunched down as if to make himself more insignificant. It was not hard to imagine what was going through his mind.

This, though, is no Sabina. That surface was hard, shiny and rippled like a corrugated

roof. It was the pace which made it really dangerous. The pitch here simply has no substance to it and is reacting as a rain-soaked surface would in the days when they were uncovered.

It was damp at the start, perhaps because there was already a suspicion that, if there was no moisture to bind it, it would disintegrate immediately. It may yet do so. There is not the pace in it, at least not yet, to make it lethal. Just desperately uncomfortable — and not just for the players.

Both the local cricket authority and the West Indies Cricket Board have to share responsibility, not so much for the decision to dig up a knackered old surface that was starting to provide anyone Test cricket but for believing that a new pitch could be laid and suitable for international matches in a matter of months rather than several years of compaction. There is a world of difference between an instant outfield as supplied here and an instant pitch.

In the fulcrum of time England may be grateful that Brian Lara won the toss and put them in, doing so despite the inclusion of the leg-spinner Dinanath Ramnarine in his side at the expense of Nixon McLean (Franklyn Rose returns as third seamer in place of Ian Bishop).

on's reading of the pitch would surely have been that like Bridgetown, it might prove swifter at the start but overall would be more conducive to batting earlier in the match than at the end.

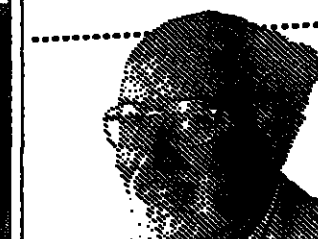
England's decision to go into the match with a side un-

changed from the last Test was therefore consistent, though it meant yet again disappointment for Robert Croft, the Glamorgan off-spinner.

● West Indies' Test opener Philo Wallace will be Sunderland's professional again this summer. In his last season with them in 1996 the Barbados captain broke the Durham Senior League batting record with 1,567 runs.

Matthew Engel and Podmore, page 20

## Out of Toon for a dog's breakfast



David Lacey

**I**N THE Fifties, when Newcastle United were winning the FA Cup three times in five seasons and Jackie Milburn held St James' Park in thrall, one of the club's directors was Alderman William McKee, who for a while was the city's Lord Mayor.

The story goes that during a civic banquet he spotted a fellow director holding his knife and fork in clenched fists and banging on the table like a two-year-old demanding to be fed.

"That," sighed the alderman, "is the cross I have to bear."

Since Kevin Keegan resigned as manager 14 months ago the followers of Newcastle have had to bear almost every kind of cross except the sort that produces goals. Having lost Alan Shearer for more than half the season, the team have dropped points with such regularity that, far from winning the Premiership, their continued presence in it has been put in jeopardy.

Many of the players who made Keegan's Newcastle the most watchable team in the country have left and Sir John Hall, whose financial acumen underwrote the success Keegan achieved on the field, is no longer chairman. Even an FA Cup run which promises to take the club to their first final for 24 years has been achieved against a background of disastrous public relations exercises. And this despite the presence of Kenny Dalglish, the great communicator.

Newcastle allowed themselves to be upstaged by Stevenage in a spat about venues. Then there was the incident in Dublin, described as horseplay, involving Shearer and Keith Gillespie, the latter needing hospital treatment. All of which has been dwarfed by a Tyneside version of Men Behaving Badly, namely newspaper reports of comments alleged to have been made by Freddie Shepherd, the club chairman, and Doug

las Hall, Sir John's son and the largest shareholder. Among other things they boasted about ripping off the fans over replica shirts and, in a sexual context, described Newcastle women as "dogs". A delayed public apology from the pair, unaccompanied by a denial, has cut no ice with supporters or the club's parent company, Newcastle United plc. The reports have upset just about everybody, although no growl has been heard yet from the Canine Defence League.

During the furore Newcastle were beaten at home to Crystal Palace, who had lost their last eight league matches and were still coming to terms with being managed by an Italian translated into English by a Swede.

The latest storm prompts questions about the kind of people who should be entrusted with the running of clubs in the modern age. For decades professional football in England was played and watched by the working class and run by the merchant class. To a certain extent it still is. But the social mix, on and off the field, is broader than it was. The Italian family home of Gianluca Vialli, for example, has 20 bedrooms.

**D**IRECTORS are no longer just super fans. There is a lot of money to be made through share options. Yet most of them have grown up with a love of the game, an increasing number are likely to have been former players, and the vast majority realise that without supporters they would not have clubs to run.

Shepherd and Hall insist they will not resign but what has surely finished them, in the eyes of Newcastle's following, is the impression of regarding fans as mug punters. The reported remarks might have been "totally out of character" and unrepresentative of the pair's true views but it will take more than Wednesday's stiff-joint apology to smooth things over.

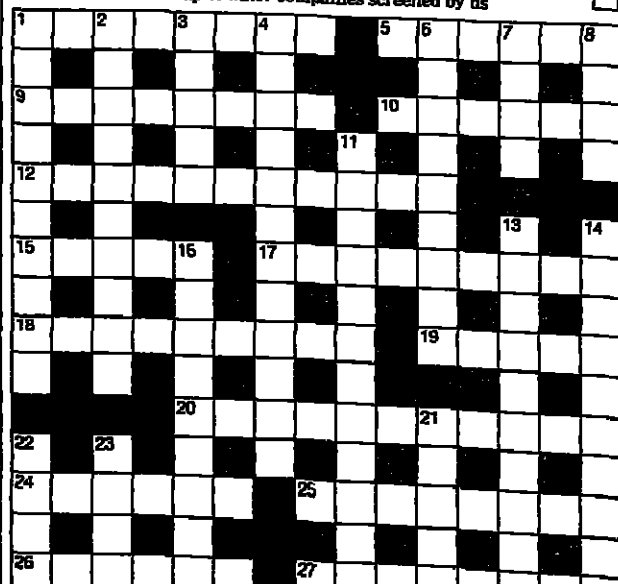
Only 20 months ago the Toon army flocked to St James' Park to welcome Shearer from Blackburn. On Wednesday night mounted police had to disperse protesters. The Cup run apart, it is hard to remember the last time Newcastle did anything right.

## Guardian Crossword 21,228

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to The Guardian Crossword, P.O. Box 13641, London, EC1R 3JX, or Fax to 0171 713 4735 by first post on Friday Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday March 30.

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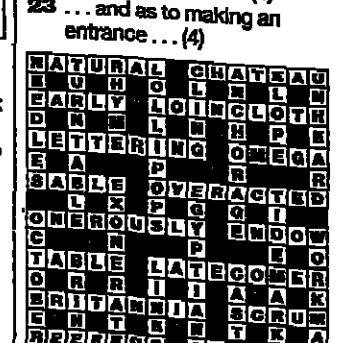
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### Set by Bunthorne

- Across**
- 14 Magnates contributing as one into Conservative Party funds (8,2,8)
  - 5 Cross-dressing's making a comeback in this lofty Viking settlement (6)
  - 9 Radicals in search of supports (5,3)
  - 10 God! Name-droppers, at Burlington House! (4-2)
  - 12 Here Africans put up Polish relatives on a convertible sofa (7-4)

- Down**
- 24 New recruits out on leave? Quite the opposite (6)
  - 25 Force us to accept summit talk with dissent (5,3)
  - 26 German noblewoman's Welsh maid (6)
  - 27 Fly around a second country with elevation (6)
  - 1 It makes hot-heads wax the lines and makes one sit up (10)
  - 2 As are parents or many others! (10)
  - 3 Very noted French photographer going off the rails (5)
  - 4 Modern evolutionary achieving renown in AID — a possibility (3-8)
  - 6 Second Vedic syllable not catching Len napping (6)
  - 7 Indian settler formerly farmed in five towns (4)
  - 8 Dish-deliverer (Look it up in Shakespeare) (4)
  - 11 Vegetables boiled in Water of Parma (8,3)
  - 13 Such 1 across: firm around our time of life — us? (10)
  - 14 See 1 across
  - 16 Puck bullied chillingly in this? (3,6)
  - 21 Loves Latin entrance for Antipodean university (5)
  - 22 Recessional departers with others and 1 across (4)
  - 23 ... and as to making an entrance... (4)



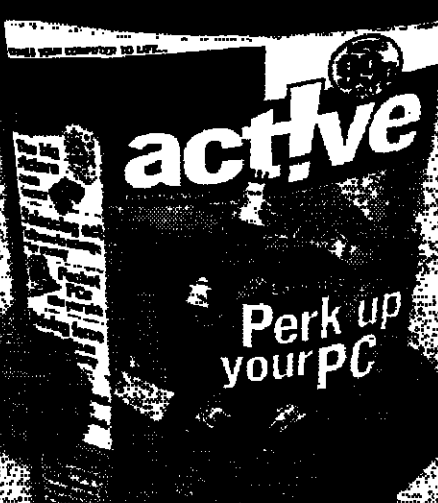
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"I'm like a pancake." He emits his stilted laugh again. "Which makes a nonsense of all these stormings out. But pancakes don't make good headlines." Is Michael Heseltine happy?

**This section page 15**